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NOMINATIONS OF THE STATE CONVENTION.

Robert K. Young of Tioga County for State Treasurer.

G. B. MAYO OF SMETHPORT HONORED

Senator A. W. Powell of Allegheny for Auditor General—William Flinn Chairman of Legislative Committee and Henry G. Wasson of Pittsburgh is State Chairman.

Thomas M. Jones, the Harrisburg correspondent, sends the following to this morning's Bradford Era

The Republican state convention today controlled completely by Roosevelt supporters and after finishing its business, and effectually running the new, Progressive steam-roller over anything that looked like opposition, it adjourned to meet at the call of a newly created committee, of which William Flinn is chairman. This committee is directed to outline certain legislation embodying the ideas in the platform adopted, push its consideration on the legislature, and, if necessary call the convention in session again On this legislative vigilance committee the following members were appointed William Flinn of Pittsburgh, Guy B Mayo of Smethport, John J Gheen Chester, William Draper Lewis, Philadelphia; Robert C Blair, York, W Lovell Baldridge Hollidaysburg, Senator George T Weingartner New Castle, A Nevin Deitrich Chambersburg; Henry G Wasson Pittsburgh

There was only one real contest in the convention—that for the nomination for state treasurer and Robert K Young, of Tioga, won out by a very large vote of 244 to 108 for C. Fred Wright of Susquehanna, and 12 for Major M. H Gherst, of Berks

The balance of the slate as agreed upon at the Roosevelt caucus last night went through with a rush

Senator A W Powell, of Allegheny, was nominated for auditor general without opposition The candidates for congressmen at large are A H Waters, Johnstown; Fred T Lewis, Allentown, Arthur H Rupley, Carlisle, and John M. Morin Pittsburgh

The delegates at large are Robert D Towne Scranton; George H Flinn, Pittsburgh; Ziba T Moore, Philadelphia; H H Gilkyson Chester, W. P. Young, York, Dr John Shelbley, Perry; George R Scull, Somerset, Owen Underwood, Washington; W W. Kincaid, Mercer; Lex N Mitchell, Jefferson, and F W. Brown, Westmoreland

The headquarters of the party will be conducted in Philadelphia and Henry G Wasson, of Pittsburgh, was made state chairman, with A Nevin Dietrich, Chambersburg, as secretary, and Col Fred Wilson, Philadelphia, resident secretary.

The platform as adopted carries out all of the Roosevelt Progressive ideas, but didn't get through until after W. I Schaffer, of Delaware, made a hot onslaught on the plank endorsing the recall and that declaring that special privileges dominated

Mr. Flinn defended the platform and bluntly told the anti Roosevelt people that it was the intention of the Roosevelt majority to take every thing but the electors elected by the Taft voters in their respective districts

The suffragettes were given a hearing, through Miss Bakewell, of Pittsburgh, and she made about the best speech of the day. An endorsement of woman suffrage was made in the adoption of a resolution recommending favorable consideration of their cause to the legislature.

All through the proceedings there was evidenced a disposition to run the steam roller over anything the old guard wanted and while they seem reconciled to conditions, there is no concealing the fact that the regulars are sore.

Senator Penrose, who was a delegate, did not put in an appearance, but remained at his hotel in conference with his lieutenants

In all respects it was one of the most remarkable conventions ever held in Pennsylvania, and it adjourned apparently very much satisfied with its action

Lawn Mowers Sharpened.

4t HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE SMALLPOX SITUATION.

As Yet at Least No Cases Have Developed in Smethport.

We are pleased to state that as yet no cases of smallpox have developed in this place from the exposures that were reported in our last issue, and with the passing of every day the chances become brighter that Smethport will not suffer from an outbreak of this dreaded disease

As soon as it was learned that Mrs. William Voorhees, who had been visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs S G Bush, on Bank street, had been stricken with the malady, the local board of health took the best precautions to prevent a spread of the disease. Upon the suggestion of the burgess a special meeting of the borough council was called last Thursday afternoon which was also attended by Dr Ostrander and Dr Clark of the board of health and it was decided to place all persons who had been exposed to the disease under restrain in their homes for a period of sixteen days from the date of the exposure And that afternoon notices conforming with this regulation were posted on several houses in this borough.

At first some of the families who were detained at their homes objected to this procedure but later they submitted gracefully and everything is going along smoothly now, An officer supplies the detained families with their outside needs and sees that the regulations are enforced

GEORGE BERNARD SUICIDES.

He Takes Carbolic Acid in an Olean Saloon on Monday.

George Bernard a former Eldred young man who was the proprietor of a barber shop at No 120 West State Olean committed suicide by taking a large dose of carbolic acid in a North street saloon in that city Monday afternoon

At 3 30 o'clock Bernard walked into the saloon and calling for a glass of beer, stepped into a back room with it, returned for another glass, saying he had broken the first one, and a few minutes later came out and announced that he had taken a good dose of carbolic acid

Dr J J Loughlen was called and, with Bernard's wife and brother, was in the ambulance with him on the way to the General hospital, shortly after 6 o'clock, when he died Coroner Smith, considering an autopsy unnecessary, the body was taken to an undertaker's and later to the home at No 415 West State street

Bernard, who at one time worked at his trade in this place for a short time, was about 35 years of age and is survived by a wife and one child. He had been in poor health for some time and that with the partial loss of the sight of one eye is supposed to have driven him to the rash act He is said to have left a note for his wife in which he asked her to bring up their child to love and respect him and, bidding them good-bye, he added, "I cannot help it"

STRIKE AT CLERMONT.

Miners for Clermont Tile Works Walk Out on Tuesday.

About forty miners at Clermont are out on a strike and that usually peaceable hamlet on the hill is the center of more or less excitement at the present time These miners, whom we understand are not professionals are, however, made up mostly of foreigners and therefore have to strike about so often to keep in practice.

They were employed by the Clermont Tile Company to take out clay used in making tile and also coal for fuel in the plant They have been receiving $2 00 per day for nine hours work and now they ask for $2 50 per day and only eight hours' work.

It is said that the Tile Company has enough clay and coal to keep that plant going for at least three weeks and that before the surplus is used the company will have a new crew of men to take the place of the strikers.

Of course there may be a little trouble when the "strike brakers" appear on the scene, but those most vitally interested do not seem to be worrying much about that part of it

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS.

The 1912 dog tags have arrived and all persons in Smethport borough owning dogs must tag same at once. Tags may be had at The Miner office or from "Doc" Hazen

HARRY L. BACKUS.
2t Chief Burgess.

MRS. JOHN STEINHAUER.

Estimable Woman of Clermont Died Sunday Night.

Mrs John W. Steinhauer died at her home in Clermont, Pa, last Sunday evening, April 28, 1912, at 8.30 o'clock from the effects of cancers. She was aged 62 years and 19 days.

For the past year Mrs. Steinhauer has suffered from cancers, and has been at hospitals in Buffalo several times in the hopes of having the growths stopped About a month ago she came home from Buffalo, where the doctors had given up all hopes of helping her, and since that time had been confined to her bed, until death came to relieve her sufferings Sunday night

Augusta Henrietta Muller was born in Fregenateyn, Germany, on April 9, 1850 In 1868 she was united in marriage to William Weidel of the same place, and in the year 1871 they came to this country to make their future home, at last settling in Clermont, Pa., where her husband died in 1887. In 1888 she was united in marriage to John W. Steinhauer of that place, and since that time they had always lived in Clermont

Besides her husband, she is survived by 9 children Mrs Joseph Fiddler of Westville, Pa., Mrs L. A. Lyman, and William Weidel of Buffalo, Mrs Christian LaBarr of Clermont, Mrs Caroline Hause of Olean, Max Weidel, of Bradford; the Misses Bertha and Ella Weidel, and Sofia Steinhauer all of Clermont, who will deeply mourn the loss of a kind and loving wife and mother She is also survived by 12 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren

She was a devout member of the Methodist church of Clermont and had always lived as a true Christian And at the last when her suffering was well nigh unbearable her faith never wavered, and died believing He must have thought it best She was one of God's true noble women, and was one of the most earnest and most loved workers in the church in that community

Her death will be surely and sincere mourned not only in her home but in the community in which she lived,

The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the Methodist church in Clermont, Rev. J A Perkins of Colegrove officiating, and her remains were laid at rest in the Clermont cemetery The floral tributes were many and unusually beautiful

MRS. HILDA LINDHOLM.

Estimable Young Woman of Crosby Died on Monday.

Mrs Hilda Lindholm of Crosby died at the private hospital of Dr. McGrainor in Port Allegany on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock The cause of her death was peritonitis, which resulted from an ulcer on her side She was aged about 20 years

Mrs Lindholm was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hendrickson of Crosby, and has always resided in that vicinity About three years ago she was united in marriage to Charles Lindholm, and the fruits of this union was one daughter, Marion Grace, aged two years, who with her grandparents will deeply mourn the loss of a fond and loving mother and daughter

Mrs. Lindholm is said to have been a most lovable and highly respected young woman, prominent in the church work of Crosby and her death will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends in that vicinity.

Her remains were brought to the home of her parents in Crosby yesterday and the funeral services were held at eleven o'clock this morning, and burial in the Colegrove cemetery.

HARDWARE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Chas. W Masser is Ready for Business in New Store.

I have completed the inventory and purchase of the Hardware Store of W. B Means and am now ready to serve my friends and patrons to the best of my ability.

I have ordered a large lot of hardware, to add to my already fair stock, which will be open to your inspection in a few days. In the meantime I can supply you with most anything in my line.

Trusting you will favor me with a share of your patronage and that I may merit the same, I am

Truly yours,
CHAS. W. MASSER.
1t Smethport, Pa

AN ESTIMABLE SMETHPORT WOMAN DEAD.

Mrs. A. H. Kidder Passed Away Last Friday Morning.

FUNERAL WAS HELD ON SUNDAY.

She Was Highly Respected in Her Home and in Social and Religious Circles—Was Commander of L. O. T. M.—Many Floral Tributes

Mrs. Alfred H Kidder died at her home on Fulton street, this borough, at three o'clock last Friday morning, April 26, 1912, the cause of her death being peritonitis Although Mrs. Kidder had not been feeling well for some time she had only been real sick for a few days, and only a few of her most intimate friends realized that her condition was dangerous, and therefore the news of her death came as a shock to her many friends.

Miss Elizabeth I. Bowes was born in Birdsall, N Y., on September 8, 1873, and was therefore in her thirty-ninth year of life Later she moved with her family to Eldred, where she resided until her marriage On September 15, 1893, she was united in marriage to Alfred H. Kidder and came here to reside, where she remained until death removed her from our midst.

This estimable woman is survived by her husband two daughters, Miss Norine Vivian, aged 17 years, and Miss Helen Marian, aged 16 years her mother Mrs James Bowes, one brother, James Bowes, Jr., and one sister Mrs S. E Ellis, all of Nicholson, Pa She was a kind and devoted and loving wife, mother, daughter and sister and her sudden death is a severe blow to the surviving members of her family, as well as to a large circle of friends.

She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and the Ladies' Aid society and the Women's Foreign Missionary society of that church; a member of the L O T. M, of which organization she was the commander, and the Record Keeper sends us the following tribute

"She was at her death Commander of Brown Hive, No 48, L O T. M, and had served the last three terms before this in the same chair. And many terms previous Each member felt there was no other member of our Hive who was equally capable of meeting all conditions with the same smiling impartiality and justice as Elizabeth Kidder We feel a broken circle and paid a last tribute to her by attending the funeral, those of us within reach, in a body and as flower bearers.

Some of the Ladies of the Macabees were with her at the last and constantly from death until burial thereby showing the deep esteem and friendship they held for her."

The funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev J W. McGavern, pastor of that church, officiating The services were largely attended, the church being crowded to its full capacity by loving friends and neighbors who came to pay their last respects to a noble woman who had used her best efforts in uplifting and had been suddenly called to her reward above The Smethport Fire Department, of which Mr Kidder is a member, and the L O. T. M. attended in a body The choir sang "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Abide With Me." The floarl offerings were unusually profuse and beautiful, including pieces from the various organizations of which deceased was a member, and from the Smethport Hose company, the K O. T M, the Woodmen and the Smethport High School. Interment took place in Rose Hill cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors and members of the various fraternal organizations who rendered us so much assistance and offered so much comfort to us in our recent bereavement.

A. H. Kidder and Family.

SEED POTATOES FOR SALE.

New York State White. $2.00 per bushel.

2t C. H. GLEASON.

THE TITANIC DEAD.

306 Were Picked Up, 116 of Which Were Reburied at Sea.

Halifax, N. S., April 30—One hundred and ninety bodies, among them those of Co. John Jacob Astor and Isador Straus, were brought to Halifax to-day on the cable ship Mackey-Bennett, which had been searching an area of more than 30 square miles in the vicinity where the White Star Liner Titanic sank after striking an iceberg

George B Widener's body, although previously reported as recovered, was not among those on the ship, and her commander explained that a body, at first thought to have been that of Mr Widener, was buried as that of his valet

All told, 306 dead were found and 116 were consigned again to the sea. Not one name of prominent persons missing was added to the list of recovered dead by the Mackay-Bennett's arrival. Sailors worked four hours unloading her and the dead were taken to an improvised morgue in a curling rink, where relatives will have opportunity to claim them.

The cable ship docked at 9:40 a. m., and it was not until after 1 that the last of the coffins had been removed from her deck. Only a handful of the bereaved and their representatives came to the pier.

The result of the Mackay-Bennett's voyage for the recovery of bodies of Titanic victims may be summarized as follows

Number of Titanic dead brought to Halifax, 190, number of identified dead brought to Halifax, 130, unidentified dead in morgue, 60, identified dead buried at sea, 57, unidentified dead buried at sea, 59, total dead buried at sea, 116; total dead found by Mackay-Bennett, 306

Capt Richard Roberts seeking Col Astor's body reported after a conference with Commander Lardner of the Mackay-Bennett, that he was sure the identification was proper. In the pockets $2 500 cash had been found and he wore a belt with a gold buckle The body identified as that of Mr Widener was buried at sea Col Astor's body was brought off the ship shortly before noon and taken, with others, to the morgue.

Relics of the Titanic dotted the sea over an area of 30 miles square. Capt Lardner said Doors, windows and chairs by the scores were found floating, but to none of them were bodies lashed. In several instances there were groups of floating bodies numbering 50 or more, but none were found lashed together Col Astor was found standing almost erect in his lifebelt

Small boats were lowered by the Mackay Bennett whenever a group of bodies was sighted, and into these the dead were piled three or four at a time. Hauled on board the cable ship, each was numbered with a large canvas tag and the valuables and papers were placed in a canvas sack similarly numbered.

Starting with the departure of the ship from Halifax on Wednesday, April 7, the commander told how fog and bad weather delayed her so that she did not reach the scene of her labors until Saturday at 8 o'clock

"As soon as we arrived," he continued, "we stopped and let our vessel drift During the middle watches some wreckage and a few bodies were sighted, and at daylight we saw more bodies Although a heavy sea was running we recovered 51 bodies that day Twenty-four of these were committed to the deep the same day. Most of them had been members of the Titanic ship's company.

"We commenced work again at daylight on Monday and recovered 26 that day On Tuesday morning bodies were numerous and at noon we had picked up 90. The weather then came up thick in the afternoon and we picked up 29 more All day Wednesday we were in the thick fog with a fresh wind blowing south southwest We saw nothing all day; on Thursday we recovered 87.

"The Minia came up to us shortly after midnight on Friday and at daylight Saturday the two ships resumed the work together By noon that day we had recovered 14 more, and we then left for Halifax, having on board all we could care for."

The one great hope held out to the bereaved to-night was the fact that there lay stretched out in the rough pine coffins in the morgue, 60 bodies for which there are no claimants. Although most of them appeared by their clothing to be seamen, they hold a secret which will not be solved until they have been thoroughly inspected

One little child, a baby girl of about 2 years, lies among the unclaimed, nameless and without a suggestion of who her parents were or are. Of all the bodies picked up, hers was the only one that the waves bore without the aid of a lifebelt. She was found floating serenely, looking much like a big doll.

Despite predictions to the contrary, nearly all of the bodies bore indications that the victims had died swiftly, if not almost painlessly In many cases their features were calm, and with the exception of those who had been severely injured they were remarkably free from the stamp of horror or suffering All were in a remarkable state of preservation.

BANKS CONSOLIDATED.

Two Port Allegany Institutions Have Been Merged.

The Reporter is in receipt of an unexpected piece of news to the people of this section, in the consolidation of the two Port Allegany banks, the Citizens having purchased enough stock of the other bank to control it. The merged institutions, both of them sound to the core, strong and influential for the interests of the town, will make one of the strongest banking systems in western Pennsylvania, and will probably be continued as the First National bank The combined deposits under statement which we publish next week, will approximate $350,000 No announcement concerning who will constitute the officials of the merged institutions is made. National Bank Examiner J. A H Kerr, has remained in town after his recent examination of the two local banks to aid in the proposed consolidation The Reporter takes occasion to congratulate the people of Port Allegany as well as the directors of the Citizens National Bank, in the consolidation, believing that one, large, strong bank can do more for the benefit of the community than two banks of smaller magnitude—Port Allegany Reporter.

We understand that the work of consolidation has been completed, and that the arrangements are about as stated above.

DR. PIERCE HEARD FROM.

He Writes From Warren Under Date April 30.

Dr F. C Pierce, who quietly left Smethport last Thursday afternoon shortly before a notice was posted on his dental parlors, stating that he had been exposed to small pox writes, explaining his side of the procedure as follows

Warren Pa. 4 30-12.

Dear Harry

I find in Buffalo Evening News, Apr. 29, a nice piece written up about an old townsman evading the quarantine laws. Isn't that something to be proud of to be pictured publicly as a criminal whom the police are hunting, and about one of Smethport's business men of 30 years' of good standing

I am surely surprised and grieved. I am here on business and any policeman can have me who will take the pains to call

I had an appointment in Buffalo last Thursday and after being assured no quarantine notice would be placed on my business place, I left, and wishing to fix up some business in Warren I came here before a summer vacation. I saw this handsome notice.

I can only think it spite work I am in very best of health. With regards, I am

Yours truly.
F. C PIERCE.

WANTED.

Young men and boys to learn the Cutlery trade Also a few girls to clean knives, both day and piece work. Good pay while learning

THE ROBESON CUTLERY CO,
1t Perry, N. Y.

DR. H. E. WHEELER

Will be at the Wright House next Tuesday and Wednesday, May 7 and 8, when he will be pleased to have all persons suffering from eye troubles call on him. Examination free.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

Advertise in The Miner.

In Prison

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press)

"What's the matter, sir?" queried the old "trusty" who was sweeping out the warden's private office.

He asked the question of a young man who had come in from the corridor The latter, like the trusty, wore a gray shirt—gray in Menlo prison is the badge of good behavior—though of slightly different cut. He was a personable chap lithe vigorous and erect, on this side of thirty Now he breathed heavily, as if from recent exertion, his hair was rumpled, and from a cut beneath his right eye blood was flowing

"The deputy warden hit me and I fell against the corner of the window ledge," he panted

Neither noticed a young girl who had come to the door of the public office and had heard the young man's answer

Now her little hands were clenched, her expressive face wore a mingled look of pity and indignation She came swiftly into the room

"Pardon me but did I hear you say the deputy warden struck you?'

"Yes ma'am" answered the young man, as he applied a handkerchief to his injury

"And they say this is a model prison!' was her spirited comment

"I'd like your name and—number—please, and a full description of the deputy's attack upon you"

'Why, ma'am' queried the young man

"I am my mother's private secretary. She is Mrs Campbell Banner man, chairman of the prison committee of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs'

The young man's quiet humility changed to lively concern You mustn't, you know' he cried 'That wouldn't do at all Please don't mention a word of what I told you'"

"Why" queried the girl

"Oh, because I— began the young man, and checked himself He became the model prisoner again It—might be better for me ma'am he said quietly

'I understand They would seek to revenge themselves if they knew you—told But I want you to promise one thing please

'I'll promise you anything' assured the young man

'It's only this ' she replied hastily confused a bit by the look in his eyes "If they ill treat you again write me at Eyredale—Ethel Bannerman

She opened her bag fumbled in a tiny pocketbook and produced a silver dollar

'It's all the money I have here," timidly Mamma has enough for both of us Please take it"

With a sudden impulse she offered her hand He took it, gently his warm palm met her own She smiled faintly in farewell but there were tears in her eyes

"It was all wrong to deceive her that way" said the young man, to his own reflection in the mirror, when she had gone 'But I couldn't let her go and forget me I had to get her interested Now I wonder if she'll forgive me when she finds out?'

"She's a good little girl, and a mighty sweet one too Why, she wanted to cry over my troubles" He paused for a moment in glowing boyish awe "By Jove, I must see her again Now to waylay Mrs Bannerman" He plunged into the making of a speedy toilet.

Two hours later the visit of the officers and prominent committee members of the state federation was over The president, Mrs Lucretia Lorne Hammond, rode back to the city in the same automobile with Mrs Bannerman and her daughter

"A visit to a prison is a saddening experience" remarked Mrs Hammond, with the enunciation of the public speaker, "so many hopeless faces, so many broken hearts.

"I noticed one queer thing in there—and it's supposed to be a model institution I met a young prisoner in the corridor with a bad cut on his face He looked as if he'd been fighting Do you suppose they still have corporal punishment here in spite of their denials?'

Ethel Bannerman leaned forward with eager, wide open eyes, her lips parted Mrs Bannerman smiled,

"Was he a tall young man with a gray shirt?'

"I believe he was" replied Mrs. Hammond

"Handsome; brown-eyed?"

"I couldn't tell about his eyes; I suppose he might be called handsome," admitted Mrs Hammond, austerely

"That isn't a prisoner That's Gerald Primrose a member of the prison board He's here because there's a meeting of the board today The governor appointed him because he's wealthy and can give his time and thought to prison problems Warden Stone speaks very highly of him"

"He seems rather peculiar," commented Mrs Hammond "I think I saw him again, just as we were leaving He had changed to his ordinary attire He was holding a silver dollar in his hand, and looking at it like a miser Why, he acted as though he wanted to eat it!"

"Ethel you look as happy as a bride," she observed presently

"I am happy" Ethel replied, with a sigh of content. "And this has been a delightful day!"

The Red Marshes

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Beyond the red marshes lay the sea. In the gray November days it was a tumbling sea, with the waves topped with white foam and coming in heavily through the rusty marsh grass

But it was at low tide that Marta's little dory slipped down the silver pathway of the streams that cut their way through the marshes

Sometimes she met Sim Gregory coming back with lobsters from the early morning catch, and Sim would shake back his black lock, and would ask in his surly way "What good things are you taking to your dad this morning, Marta?" and Marta would pipe up with her clear note, "It's fried clams"

For Marta's father worked on the new causeway, helping with his labor to make a permanent way to the rocky promontory which was cut off from the mainland at high tide

Sim Gregory, or, as the people of the town called him 'Black Gregory," did not work on the causeway He preferred the free method of earning his living in the sea He sold his lobsters to the summer hotels and in winter sent them to the city Sim cared little for money Perhaps that was the reason he had the name of being peculiar

It was because Marta carried her father's dinner down the silver highways that Sim Gregory came through the marshes with his morning's catch rather than land at the docks in deeper water

Sim loved Marta Every day he brought her some offering from the sea Sometimes Marta refused the gifts I can't take them, she said to Sim, one morning as he held out to her a pair of shining mackerel

Why not?

Marta looked away from him as she answered 'Mother says it isn't right She wants—she wants me to marry Edward Pond Sim

Sim leaned far over and drew her dory close to his own with a strong hand

Marta" he said with a sharp intake of his breath Marta, are you going to marry Ed?

She shook her head No no I don't love him, but mother has set her heart on it

Why does she want to—sell—you?

Marta raised her head quickly 'Don't you speak of it that way Mother doesn't realize—she only thinks that Edward is prosperous

That night the wind blew away the fog but it also blew itself into a strong gale which increased as the day advanced until at sunset sky and water showed the blackness of a storm

It was not until midnight however that the people of the town began to be afraid Then it was learned that a half-dozen of the boats that had gone out early in the morning had not come back The men from the life-saving station were on the watch and fires were lighted and bells were rung

Up and down the beach went the people whose sons and husbands and fathers were at sea Mothers wept for their boys, children for their parents

But nobody wept for Sim Only Marta straining her eyes through the blackness prayed that he might be safe—that he might come back to her

A shout went up as somewhere, out in the leaping blackness there shone a light like a star The lifeboat, working its way against wind and wave brought back five men

'Everybody is safe," said some one near Marta

Marta, searching the bronzed faces, asked "Did you—did you find Sim Gregory!"

"We saw him just as the storm broke," said one of the men 'We shouted, but he was too far away to hear us—we haven't seen him since"

All night long the life guards patrolled the beach All night long Marta strained her eyes out to sea. When dawn came the wind died, and the sun came up, rosy red above the horizon And as it rose it showed far out on the tossing waters a black speck.

'It's a boat!" said Marta

"And there's a man in it, miss," said one of the guards.

Then Marta fled homeward to hear the reproaches of her mother

It was nearly noon when Marta went across the red marshes with her father's lunch

When she met Sim Gregory she dared not look up

'Marta," he called, and brought his boat close to hers, and his voice was eager as he spoke, 'they told me, on the beach, that you waited all night for news of me"

She answered him as she had answered her mother, 'Surely a man has right to have one heart cry out for him when he's at the mercy of the wind and waves"

"Did your heart cry, Marta?"

In spite of her self-consciousness, she told him the truth "If you had died my heart would have died with you Sim"

No one could have called him "Black Gregory if they could have seen him at that moment. His face was melted into tenderness

I think I came back because you called me Marta,' he said 'There was one moment when in the black no I lost hope but something seemed to urge 'Marta's waiting,' and so—I came"

Lon's Catch

(Copyright 1911 by Associated Literary Press)

Lon Herrick was up in the hills trapping that week. Therefore it chanced that out of the whole community at Three Cheers he was the sole male absent when Mrs Buss arrived She came without warning, even as a stray cat, and had settled herself in the inglenook of Three Cheers' heartsome hearth by the time, Lon came back

"She's a fine specimen of a woman, Lonnie," said Noonan tentatively, yet with a sort of submerged enthusiasm. "About thirty eight, maybe"

"What did she come after" asked Lonnie who was a sober and cautious individual.

"To make a living, same as the rest of us She's opened up a sort of home bakery"

'It's the first hook they put into us," said Lonnie 'Is she fat?"

"She's what an onlooker might call nicely distributed," said Noonan, blithely

It happened that Lonnie was away most of the hunting season, and only came into camp at intervals In the spring when the water burst the ice on the rivers he came home and the long wait had only made Mrs Buss more indifferent to his existence

Is that him? she asked when Noonan pointed him out, stalking leisurely up the main street of Three Cheers his old coonskin cap with its dangling tail, hiding his face from sight, his three hounds at his heels 'The poor fellow"

'And why do you call him that Mrs Buss?' queried Dan, tenderly 'He's a fine figure of a man'

'I'm thinking what a lonely life it is he leads' said Mrs Buss 'And dangerous, too no doubt"

The lumber trade is more so I've been shaking hands with death all winter long and no body to sympathize with me

'Go long, you artful creature' laughed back Mrs Buss merrily 'You haven't missed a day coming down here Go tell Lon Herrick I want to see him'

He won't come"

'Try him'

Dan carried the message and brought back the answer dutifully It was simple and withal uncompromising

He says he does his own cooking' Mrs Buss' lips set firmly and then parted in a laugh And her answer was enigmatical

He doesn't know me' she said

'Where do the trappers and hunters around these parts sell their pelts?'

'There's a fellow comes through about this time and buys them up—from Laramie I can get his name if you want it."

"Get it," said Mrs Buss.

About a week later Three Cheers was startled to find an announcement in Mrs Buss' window It stated that therein was the agency for Barclay & Burden, furriers, of Laramie, followed by a tempting list of prices for pelts.

Lon considered the situation from all points It looked strategic to him, and yet he was a modest man, and knew not the limit of a woman's patience Several times he spread out his season's catch and looked them over—deer bear, fox, wolf, otter and coon skins He resented Mrs Buss' assumption of authority It had been part of the yearly excitement, the visit of the buyer to his cabin, and the swapping of stories over the sale Yet the second week after the sign appeared in the bakery window he went down to the camp bearing his catch with him and a look of resignation.

He had purposely chosen midafternoon for his visit The other men would be up in the timber then. He wanted as few witnesses as possible.

"Come right in!" called Mrs Buss cheerily, as his long shadow fell across her threshold. She lifted a smiling, contented face from her knitting. "Why, hello, Lonnie," she said. "Got a pretty good catch there, haven't you?'

Lon said nothing, but he dropped the pelts

"Shut the door, dear," added Mrs. Buss "And don't get nervous. I'm not going to hector you a bit. Sit down and talk."

"Hadn't we better look the pelts over first?" asked Lon bewilderedly

"Plenty of time I only took the agency so as to make sure you'd have to come here to see me The day I got here, and found out you were away, I just switched round and changed my name and went to work. Lonnie, don't you get lonesome?"

"I do my cooking," Lonnie started to explain, then out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of the table with its freshly baked pies and cakes, and huge loaves of white bread

"Not this kind Mostly corn cakes and bacon."

"You could go hunting in the season," began Mrs Herrick, late Buss. She glanced up, met Lon's eyes, and blushed slowly "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to make me set all the traps Why don't you say something?"

Then Lon rose awkwardly, an' reached toward her

'There ain't anything to say, honey, he laughed I never heard a caught creature that was given to conversation You've got me alive."

WHEN SPRING CAME

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

(Copyright, 1912 by Associated Literary Press.)

It came tardily, with a sudden burst, after long rigid cold a winter of discontent the dreariest in William Falling's young life From the past October when he had ceased to be, so far as Betty was concerned, he had simply set his teeth and endured things grinding out routine work in the office as though fiends pursued For the rest, he ate and slept—when he could He knew work was his only salvation though he had now nothing to make money for Betty was not going to marry him Washburn had won out with her

Not that she had ever promised to marry Falling In fact he had not asked her The word love had not been spoken between them But he had been so happily confident the whole beautiful summer and autumn that she cared just as he did They had been inseparable to such an extent that Jerry Washburn had apparently given up his long pursuit of the girl and had gone 'back east' Washburn had money and ability, too

Now Falling cursed himself for not having made sure of the girl in words He had not spoken because he was working so desperately to be made junior partner in his business so that he might have something definite to offer her

The stock had come in October One evening he had taken Betty out on the lake and they had spent hours of delight in the flooding moonlight The next morning the senior partner had called him into the Throne Room and after much pompous prelude made him junior partner with a fourth interest in the business and an increase of salary that made his heart leap Betty wards Exultant he had tried to thank the senior partner but the wise old chap had waved him away

You'll be no good for some time—get out of here and take a vacation' Off with you' Falling had snatched his hat Then he ran out to the street and walked towards Betty's home He had to feel the ground under his feet—he could not have endured a street car'

When he reached the big old place and had rung the bell the little maid admitted him Miss Betty was out for a walk Would he see anyone else? She would be back in an hour or so William Falling could bear the sight of no one else just then and he couldn't wait decorously so he went out again He would walk about perhaps he would meet her His head and his heart were high

And never through a long life would he forget the heartsickness of the rest Down the street he had swung all radiant with joy and turning a corner had almost run over little Lois Cross Betty's house guest, for whom he had never cared much Her big eyes were almost feverishly bright but her cheeks were pale and she was manifestly excited To pass time he turned and walked with her a little

You're a laggard in love'' she flung at him Lochinvar has come out of the east and captured your fair lady He came last night and invited himself to breakfast this morning He dragged her off before he really decently could I went off by myself but I saw them coming in the woods just now Then she chattered on about anything everything Falling left her as soon as he could

So Washburn was back' Well he was sorry for the fellow' Falling gave Evie's chaff no credence Almost unconsciously he made his way through the wood to the crooked path she loved so well

Then quite suddenly, he had seen what made his heart stand still He turned away after a heart sick instant Washburn, browned and big, was leaning over Betty, his Betty, kissing both her small hands Falling had never dared as much. Evie's words came to him and he strode away blinded by hurt and anger

William Falling had gone straight home and packed his things Then he made a call at the office and bank, bought a ticket and by night was on his way to Colorado for a month's vacation in the wilds taking his misery with him.

Finally he had come grimly back to work as though fiend pursued He heard no word of her and could not to save her life have asked a question about her

The long winter had dragged along He had the winter through accepted no invitations, kept out of everything where he might meet her, pleading business until his friends began to let him alone with a vengeance Finally overwork, no recreation, and trouble made him afraid that he was going to be ill, that he would have to give up and go away from it all

It was a day in February that he had again seen Betty. This time it was in a book shop Her eyes were bent over an open volume and before she saw him he had time to notice deep shadows beneath them and that her small ungloved hands had grown transparently fragile There was no look of bridal happiness about her Then spring came at a leap a sudden warmth, a melting, an unseasonable time when old men croaked of danger to fruit trees and morning papers interviewed doctors as to the effect of such warm spells on public health

William Falling began to gather himself together and take new heart He began to shake off winter and take on new ideas of life He told himself that he needed air and exercise that he had been a fool to let a girl spoil everything for him

One morning he deliberately left the office and set off for a walk. He walked miles First he avoided Betty's house and then came back and made himself, am it The sun was hot, and little leaves, like a green mist, were beginning to wreathe the trees.

So it was that he came upon her, as once before But this time she was alone her arm up against a great tree-trunk her face hidden in the arm He came a little nearer She was manifestly crying Betty crying' He could not help letting everything but his old love for her melt away like the winter's snow

He was behind her in an instant, taking her by the shoulders, turning her around to face him She resisted at first, but did not try to conceal the tears in her eyes

'If—he makes you unhappy I'll—shake the life out of him'" he said.

At best Washburn could never—love you as I always have—"

'What do you mean William Falling'" Her eyes were wide with utter astonishment.

'Aren't you—engaged to him' I saw him—kissing your hands—you don't allow things of that sort for nothing—' Her look stopped him Light had come to her And the man saw her love for him She had to push him away with both hands

You—saw that' I—he made me refuse him again I had just told him there was somebody else I didn't let him take my hands—he just did it That was the instant you chose to see' If you had waited' And then—never to come near me again or send me a word' She put her arm up over her face with the gesture of a child

Oh he said sheltering her in his arms If you knew what I have been through'

She gave a queer little laugh

'As if I didn't know she answered happily Anything in words, however crude and commonplace, after the winter's icy silence was a joy to them It was probably silly but the whole world about them had gone silly—if it is silly to be utterly happy for no particular reason save that spring has come

NO PLACE FOR IDLE WOMAN

She Must Join the Ranks of Workers or Be Left to Wither in Utter Loneliness

Every one nowadays recognizes the absurdity of idleness For what could be more ridiculous than the idle woman who can find no one to idle with her? So strenuous has modern life become that idleness is completely shorn of its charm and the girl who either by nature or cultivation possesses an idle temperament is apt to find herself an outsider

She must do something and do it well if she does not wish to wither of loneliness There is no place nowadays for the idle woman Even in the supposedly idle class of the very rich she scarcely has a foothold

Turn where she will, she will find the woman of her set doing things The modern woman is steeped to the eyes in work charities claim her time, new and philanthropic movements hold her attention and humanity knocks insistently at her door She could not idle if she would and keep her place in the rush of modern progress

The fact that idleness has fallen into disrepute and is disdained even by fashionable women is a blessing to the girl who must work from necessity She has no longer to explain and defend her own strenuous attitude Her friends are too busy themselves, whether from mere inclination or positive necessity, to enter into arguments on the impropriety of man's work for women

So it behooves every girl to choose some congenial work and thoroughly prepare herself for it so if the day of necessity comes she may turn to the thing for which she is fitted and to work which is congenial in order to earn a livelihood.

The young girl of today has every thing on her side She is infinitely better off than the young girl of ten years ago, and if she's wise she will avail herself of her opportunities—Exchange

Chickens in Luxury.

Reginald Vanderbilt's Newport farm is one of the best appointed in the world Vanderbilt was showing a young Englishman over his farm recently, and especial attention was given to the chicken runs The hard wood brass mounted roosts, the marble drinking fountains, the healthy, airy, inclosed runs for wet and open runs for fine weather, the spotless cleanliness of the translucent white tiling of floors and walls, the sanitary neats—all this impressed the Englishman profoundly

Vanderbilt at the end of the inspection said 'Well, can you suggest any improvements for my runs?"

"No," said the Englishman, "no, I can think of nothing—unless," he added, "you build them a smoking room and cafe."

No Eloquence Without Truth.

Declamation is not eloquence You never believe a speaker until he first convinces you that he believes himself 'I know and 'we know' and their equivalents occur nearly a hundred times in the epistles No wonder they existed nearly 2,000 years Even when Paul says 'I reckon' he means 'I know by the summing up of proof, experience and calculation.

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The Boys' Magazine at all newsstands. 10c a copy.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 2, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the Herrick Agency advertisements in this issue.

—Your troubles are solved if Monhelmer can help you any. Read his advertisement in this issue.

—Wednesday night two prize bull dogs belonging to J. F. Tuohy, were killed on the Pennsy tracks. One cost $500 recently and the other, a valuable breed, was raised by him.—Eldred Eagle.

—Willard Rounds of Ceres, N. Y., died Sunday afternoon. He was injured on Friday when his team became frightened at a passing trolley car. Mr. Rounds was thrown from his wagon and dragged for some distance his left side being crushed in.

—Let us have some bird houses and feeding places for birds in the parks, too. If the little feathered songsters are made welcome, we can expect to see and hear more of them. Anyone interested in this suggestion can find something in last week's Collier's to help them along.

—The 40,000 mark in the issuance of automobile licenses has been passed by the automobile division of the State highway department, at Harrisburg, Pa. The advent of warm weather has caused a boom in applications and the total thus far is over 12,000 ahead of the corresponding period of 1911. Last year the total issued was 44,263. The licenses issued to May 1 will represent an income of about $400,000.

—The Studholme Brothers were at Austin last Friday and arranged to start a drug store there. Frank Baldwin is to erect them a building on Main street next to the site of the old newspaper plant, and work will be commenced at once. The boys expect to commence business there by June 1. They are not only good pharmacists, but good business men. Caskey should start his newspaper now. —Port Allegany Reporter.

—George Kizer, a former meat man of Roulette, but now of Cattaragus, N. Y., has been found guilty of stealing cattle in his vicinity. It is claimed that 135 head have been missing since he came there. In one case he was driving home after dark when he saw a nice hog beside the road, and he went in and asked the farmer if he would come out and help him catch a hog that got out of his wagon. The next day the farmer missed the porker from his own yard.—Roulette Recorder.

—It seems that Ervine Cole, who passed a raised check on C. Herzog last week had made up his mind to get the best of everyone he could and then leave the country. The latter part of last week Detective Jones was notified by James Reed of Farmers Valley that Ervine Cole had taken a pair of trousers belonging to him from the Joseph Chamberlain camp on the same day that he raised the check. Jones visited the jail where Cole is imprisoned and recovered the trousers and restored them to their owner.

—Mt. Jewett boasts a new organization of which little has been heard by the general public, yet it is one which deserves consideration and encouragement by all classes, says the Herald. We refer to the local branch of the United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania, known officially as Camp No. 95.

—Clarendon is much excited over the assault of a tramp upon Mrs. Brown of that place. Entering the Brown home, the tramp, it is alleged, while being supplied with food, knocked the woman down. Footsteps on the walk frightened the man off. The tramp asked Mrs. Brown for coffee explaining that he would make it himself. As she was in the act of handing it to him he dealt her a hard blow knocking her unconscious. Just what the fellow's motive was is not known unless it was robbery. He is still at large.

—A mad dog raced through the main street of Sherlock, near Indiana, Pa., on Saturday and attacked three persons before being killed. The victims are: Emory Johns, 6 years old; Mrs. William Rankin, and John Fulmer. Young Johns was sitting in front of his home when the dog ran up the street, leaped at his throat and sank its teeth into his cheek. The boy was thrown to the street and bitten repeatedly. The canine next attacked Mrs. Rankin, who was working in her garden, and bit her twice on the arm before help came. John Fulmer, a mailcarrier, was stooping over a mailbox, when the maddened animal attacked him. The dog was then killed. The victims were taken to Indiana, and later were taken to the Johnstown hospital for the pasteur treatment.

—Monday's Kane Republican says: Yesterday forenoon Chief of Police Ives received word from Renovo, Pa., that Katherine Woods, aged 14, had left home without the consent of relatives and guardian, and she was on train No. 3, which arrives here at 12:30. When the train arrived the police found the youn glady perfectly contented, occupying a seat next to the window, and had a ticket to Cincinnati, and stated that she was going from there to Paris, Kentucky, to stay with an aunt, as her grandmother with whom she lived, did not treat her right. She was taken to the Salvation Army citadel, where Mrs. McMillan made her comfortable until evening, when she was taken back by her guardian on the train that left here at 9:15. She seemed to be very much disappointed because she could not continue on her journey.

—Important reforestation work is being done by the State Forestry Commission's nurseries this spring and it is expected that when the shipment of seedlings from the establishments are completed that over 2,000,000 young trees will have been sent out. The majority of trees being shipped are white pine, and the fact that the state has been able to furnish so many for its own reserves and to private parties who agree to take care of them, illustrates the wisdom of the establishment of the nurseries several years ago. The state has three nurseries, one in Bedford, one in Huntingdon and one in Tioga, with Mt. Alto helping along. They are all on state reserves and have proved of great importance in the state's work in districts where replanting was necessary to conserve the water supply. Last year close to 2,000,000 seedlings were shipped.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

STOLE FOR MISTRESS

INTELLIGENT DOG HAD OBJECT IN "LIFTING" GOOSE.

Therefore His Owner Insisted That He Was Not a Thief, and Magistrate Was Forced to See Things in the Same Light.

A live goose and a Scotch terrier occupied the attention of Magistrate Dodd for a longer time than any other case on the calendar in the Manhattan avenue police court, Williamsburg, the New York Sun says. The goose was the property of Joseph Rudolph, a roofer at 1079 Grand street, and the dog, named Kusch, belonged to William F. Donges, who lives at 913 Flushing avenue. Donges was accused of stealing the goose, and in stoutly denying the allegation he pulled out from under his coat the dog, and setting him on the judicial bench, said he was the thief.

Rudolph said that Donges was employed by him as driver, and Donges brought home the terrier. The particular goose that was stolen was kept with others in the back yard, and all were being fattened up for the holidays. Rudolph said that the dog ran about in the yard and finally the cackling of the geese drew his attention, and he saw Donges' dog making off with the fattest goose across the open lots toward the Donges home. Kusch had pulled his quarry out of a hole in the fence and with his teeth gripping one of the goose's legs made off with him.

"That goose," added Rudolph, "was worth at least $1.75, and when I told Donges about it he laughed, and said he couldn't help what the dog did. He wouldn't pay me, so I told him I would hold him responsible and got a warrant."

When a policeman went to Donges' house and arrested him, Donges took along the dog, and both were locked in the prisoners' pen. A friend of Donges took along the goose, whose right leg was somewhat disabled as the result of being dragged over the rough ground to the Donges home. As Donges placed the dog on the judicial bench he said:

"Your honor, my dog is very intelligent, (Kusch nodded approval with a bow wow.) My wife is an invalid and I cannot afford to provide her with all the delicacies I should like to. Whether or not the dog knew the position I was placed in I don't know. How did I know that he was going to steal the goose? I'm willing that Mr. Rudolph should have back the goose. The goose isn't much hurt. I don't think it was right to arrest me for stealing when I am innocent."

After a moment's hesitation Magistrate Dodd said:

"I can't send Donges to jail because he has committed no crime, and the dog can't be arrested, because there is nothing in the statutes applicable to the case. The only way to settle the matter is for Rudolph to take back his goose and withdraw the complaint."

Rudolph consented and Donges was discharged. He took along his dog and Rudolph got the goose. Donges is out of a job.

EXERCISE TO DEVELOP CHEST

Simple Movements That Are Guaranteed by an Authority to Produce Good Results.

Look at your figure in the next full length mirror you see. Nine chances out of ten your chest caves in, your shoulders round like a bow, your stomach protudes and you chin is thrust forward like a prize fighter's.

Now try an experiment. Take a long breath, push your chest out and hold it to that position. Behold a miracle. Your shoulders straighten till your back is like a line, your stomach retreats and your chin assumes a position of modest dignity. Now you are standing correctly, and if you place any value at all upon a good appearance you must practice this position until it becomes second nature. Remember that the grand secret is, "Push out the chest." The rest of the figure will take of itself.

If your chest is flat and narrow you ought, in the interest of both health and beauty, to try to develop it. Breathing exercises are the best thing for this purpose. Singers and public speakers almost always have good chests, because they are trained to breathe deeply and correctly.

Breathing exercises are best performed at night, when all heavy clothing, the corset in particular, has been removed. The window should be open, for there is no profit in taking bad air into your lungs.

Stand erect, with hands close to the sides. Inhale slowly and evenly through the nose. Hold the breath as long as you possibly can, then exhale slowly and evenly through the mouth. Do this ten times each night. You will soon notice an increase in the length of time you can hold the breath. Practice taking long breaths when you are walking.

Dumb-bell and Indian club exercises are excellent for chest development. Go at them a bit gently at first, especially if you are not very strong. There are other simple home exercises which will help you in this direction. For instance, lie flat on the back on the floor, with legs and arms straight and knees close together. Now try to rise to sitting position without touching elbows to the floor. You won't be able to do it at first, but you soon will be if you practice the exercise faithfully, and in the meantime your chest is reaping the benefit of the practice.—Woman's World.

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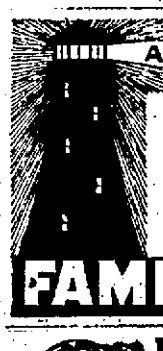

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The regular retail prices of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but as introductory offer will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 cash with order for $4.85.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.56 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, because this remarkable tire offer,

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorns Puncture Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

EGGS 1c.

a month per hen. That's all it costs to keep your hens busy shelling out eggs by using

Pratts Poultry Regulator

It is Guaranteed

to increase egg yield and to improve health of your poultry

F. A. Green

1912 Almanac and Stock book FREE

DIAMOND

Birthstone of April

The Most Beautiful GEM

Invest in a Diamond Ring or Pin if you are April Born.

It is a paying investment.

Engstrom & Olson,

Jewelers

Smethport, - - - Pa.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

Easter will soon be here. Make your selections now while our stock is complete. We will lay aside anything you select until Easter time.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 499.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 2, 1912.

Teddy's hat is still in the Massachusetts' ring.

Roosevelt is evidently feeling fine and is delighted with the political outlook.

The trial of the Allens has been started at Wytheville, Va. Floyd Allen is the first to be tried and a jury for his case has been selected.

Another awful tornado swept through the West last Saturday, exacting a heavy toll in lives and property. This time it was in Texas and southwestern and central Oklahoma. Forty-one people were killed, 100 more injured and the property loss will run into the hundreds of thousands.

On Tuesday the Government began its long-planned anti-trust suit against the International Harvester company in the Federal District court at St. Paul; in a petition in equity. This $140,000,000 corporation, popularly called the Harvester trust, is declared to exist in violation of the Sherman law and its dissolution is sought.

Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons, who gave away nearly $7,000,000 to schools and colleges in the United States, died of pneumonia, at Chicago, Saturday, penniless. It was his wish a year ago that he live to be 100 years and die a pauper. He was 92 when he died. Since last September he had no money or property and lived in a sanitarium which his gifts had established. He made his money in investments and timber lands, and gave it away as freely as he made it.

At Meridan, Conn., last Friday, Colonel Roosevelt saved a young girl, whose name is not known, from being crushed under the wheels of his train. The Colonel's train stopped there for a few minutes on the way to Worchester. A girl on the train to which the ex-president's car was attached had left her car and joined the large crowd that was listening to his speech. The ex-president's train stopped suddenly and the girl made a frantic grab for the brass railing of the car platform. She managed to cling to it, although curried from her feet. Colonel Roosevelt reached over the railing and pulled the girl to the platform, while the crowd cheered.

The presidential preference primaries held in Massachusetts on Tuesday elected 14 district delegates for Roosevelt and 14 for Taft. According to the vote as counted the eight delegates-at-large favoring Roosevelt have been elected, but the Taft men claim with some justice that, owing to the cumbersome ballot and other mixups, more than enough votes for Taft were thrown out to have elected the Taft delegates-at-large. Colonel Roosevelt, when he learned of this state of affairs, wired the delegates mentioned, releasing them and asked them to go to the National convention and cast their votes for Mr. Taft. This they have refused to do, and Roosevelt says he will further insist on their voting as he has asked them. The outcome will be watched with interest.

The Republican State convention is past and a good ticket has been nominated—a ticket that any Republican can take pride in supporting at the election this fall. The Penrose organization has been completely routed and the Flinn organization has Pennsylvania politics in their keeping and the welfare of the state depends on how well Mr. Flinn and his followers carry out the wishes of the people. Personally we think Mr. Flinn has a little too much of a past but that need not necessarily debar this State from making a clean political record in the future. The people have shown that they have the power to overthrow the most powerful political machine and now it is their duty to put the stamp of disapproval on any leader the minute he attempts to debauch the party with a corrupt machine.

Hurriedly purchased in secret within the past four weeks a sufficient number of machine guns to equip a complete army of 250,000 men, are now in the possession of the war department, says a Washington dispatch, dated April 30.

Less than ten days ago the International News Service was informed by a high ordnance official that although otherwise well equipped the army was woefully lacking in machine guns. "We will, however," he said, "have these guns before the necessity for a movement on Mexico is at hand."

To-day the International News Service was informed that the needed guns are at hand.

Equipment of the army prepared for the present emergency now includes 600,000 Springfield rifles, model of 1903; 600 pieces of field artillery and 200 machine guns, each one of the latter capable of firing 600 shots per minute.

At the urgent request of General Leonard Wood the House committee on military affairs to-day hurriedly reported a bill appropriating $300,000 for the immediate purchase of lifeboats and life rafts for the eight army transports now owned by the United States. At the present moment the lifeboats aboard these ships will not accomodate more than 50 per cent. of the transport capacity.

No further information has been received in Washington as to what Mexico proposes to do about Manuel Colero, her new and unwelcome ambassador, who is accused of advising his country to hold Americans as hostages should this country intervene.

Senor Crespo, the Mexican ambassador now in Washington, is impatiently awaiting his release so that he will be able to proceed to his new post in Vienna.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., April 30.—Special.—President Joseph E. Ransdell of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, Senator-Elect from Louisiana, has returned from his plantation along the Mississippi with sorrowing tales of loss of life and destruction of property due to the awful flood of the mighty river which must still further be held in leash that life and property may be saved from a continuation of these terrible visitations of Providence. Congressman Ransdell with his usual clerity and forcefulness so wrought upon the members of Congress, with the aid of his colleagues living along the "Father of Waters," that the Senate passed an emergency joint resolution making immediately available $1,500,000 of the amount that will be carried in the river and harbor bill for the Mississippi river levees to the end that the levees destroyed by the flood may be at once rebuilt and threatened levees strengthened. The House committee on rivers and harbors has reported favorably a similar resolution but now that the Senate has taken primark action the House substitute the Senate resolution for its own and before this letter appears in print a million and a half dollars will be made immediately available for the Board of Engineers to begin the business of closing up the crevasses made by the mad waters. The flood, the greatest in our history, has swept away homes, destroyed millions of dollars worth of property and hundreds of lives and has rendered homeless, it is estimated, more than 10,000 people.

One of the striking things that has been made public since Congress has been endeavoring to probe the incidents surrounding the Titanic disaster is the fact that as long ago as 1876 an effort was made to secure an agreement between foreign steamship lines for ocean-going vessels to avoid the shorter northern route at dangerous seasons of the year, when icebergs were likely to be encountered. During a meeting of the House committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries a letter was read to the committee that was written by Thos. Ismay, the father of J. Bruce Ismay, president of the International Mercantile Marine Company which owned the Titonic, in 1876, in which he urged upon a conference of foreign steamship owners that they enter into an agreement whereby all the lines should send their ships over the more southern but safer route at dangerous seasons of the year. Another letter from Mr. Thos. Ismay to the same effect, written in 1889, was also read to the committee, to show that the danger from the shorter northern route had always been recognized by steamship companies. The letters in question were among the files of the Commissioner of Navigation, and were furnished by him to the chairman of the committee, Representative Alexander of Missouri.

An interesting lecture was presented recently at the rooms of the National Press club by H. D. Slater, of El Paso, Texas, who illustrated his talk with lantern slides made from photographs of battles in Mexico taken during the recent engagements there between the rival Mexican forces. The rumors that have been current that intervention by the United States might become necessary to protect American property has quickened public interest in all Mexican matters, and these pictures gave a graphic presentation of many inetresting phases of conditions in the sister republic on our southern border.

A criticism on our ideas of national art was presented to the Foreign Affairs committee of the House recently by Gutzon Borglum, a former resident of Omaha, Nebraska, the well known sculptor, specimens of whose work are to be seen in the Capitol and in various other places of public interest in Washington. Mr. Borglum was speaking in support of a bill providing for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Ghent.

"America has no monuments to ideas," declared Mr. Borglum. "Her monuments are erected to individuals. While the Greeks, the Italians, and the Indians, from whom we get our ideas, erect monuments to ideas, we erect ours to men and we have an oversupply of them."

Mr. Borglum made an exception of the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor, but remarked that this had been given to the United States by France, and could not be attributed to America. He suggested a possible memorial to the victims of the Titanic disaster, which he hoped would be truly idealistic and commemorative of the event.

RURAL CARRIER EXAMINATION.

At Badford, Kane and Smethport, Pa., For McKean County, on Saturday, May 18, 1912.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an examination on the date and at the places named above, as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a vacancy in the position of rural carrier at Colegrove, and other vacancies as they may occur on rural routes at postoffices in the above-named county, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement, transfer, or promotion. The usual entrance salary for rural carriers is from $600 to $1,000 per annum.

Age limit, 18 to 65, on the date of the examination. The maximum age limit is waived in cases of persons honorably discharged from the United States military or naval service.

An applicant must have his actual residence in the territory supplied by a postoffice in the county for which the examination is announced.

The examination is open to all male citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application Form 1241, and full information concerning the requirements of the examination, can be secured from the secretary of the local examining board or the postmaster at any of the places named above, or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington. As examination papers are shipped direct from the Commission to the places of examination, it is necessary that applications be received in ample time to arrange for the examination desired at the place indicated by the applicant. The Commission will therefore arrange to examine any applicant whose application is received in time to permit the shipment of the necessary papers.

An eligible register for the position of rural letter carrier for each county will be maintained. A person must be examined in the county in which the postoffice that supplies his home is situated. As a result of such examination he may become eligible to appointment as rural carrier at any postoffice in such county. A rural letter carrier after one year's satisfactory service may be transferred to the position of clerk or carrier in a first or second class postoffice, to the position of railway mail clerk, or to other position in the classified service, subject to such examination as may be required by the civil service rules.

JOHN S. BLACK,
President.

Eligibles on registers established prior to March 1, 1912, can be considered for appointment only at the office for which they were examined. Such eligibles may be examined within one year from the date of their former examinations upon filing applications showing that they meet the requirements of the new examination, their old eligibility for their home offices not being canceled.

PLANTING FOR BIRDS.

"The question is often asked as to why our native birds are becoming rare, and it is often answered by the absurd statement that it is because women are using them for millinery purposes," said Pro. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, in an interview in his office at Harrisburg recently. He continued:

"The chief reasons why birds are becoming rare are that their native haunts and places of concealment are gradually being destroyed, and their natural food is disappearing. This is particularly true of many species of birds that feed upon wild fruits of various kinds. It is really unbelievable by many persons as to what a large number of wild seeds and fruits are taken as food by birds. For example, the seeds of the poison ivy would never be thought edible by mankind, yet several species of birds ar known to eat them.

"In the efforts to clean up thickets and fence rows the various kinds of shrubs, bushes, vines and trees that furnish food for birds at different times of the year have been destroyed and it is but natural that these feathered creatures will not continue to live in abundanbe in regions where their food is scarce. About all that is necessary to restore the birds, especially of many interesting kinds, is to be sure that they are provided with natural food and adequate protection.

"To provide the birds with food it is best to arrange that this be done by natural means, and we in turn must plant for them those plants which will furnish them their most desired fruits. Among these are such as the following: June berry, shad berry, or service berry, scientifically known as amalanchier, the mulberries (both English and Russian), early sweet varieties of strawberries, sweet early cherries (like the Governor Wood), hawthorne, viburnum, frost grape, fox grape, greenbrier, juniper or cedar apple, holly, barberry, mountain ash, English ivy, Virginia creeper or five-leafed ivy and hackberry.

"These are among the plants that furnish natural food for the birds during the entire year, even while the snows lay deep on the ground birds of several kinds will feast upon the grapes which they seek on the wild grape vines, and in the spring time as the robins and other birds end their weary flying from the South, they will quickly be able to find the berries of the ivy on some old wall, or the hardened berries of the hackberry tree still clinging to the trees where they grew and ripened last summer.

"Such a list of food plants as given above is Nature's menu served in courses, giving food that will be taken by the birds of various kinds during the entire year. Among the birds that have been known to feed upon the fruits of such plants mentioned are the following: Cuckoos, bluebirds, flycatchers, bluejays, bobolink, brown thrasher, catbird, cedarbird, grackle or blackbird, kingbird, red-breasted Grosbeak, orioles, phoebe, robin, tanager, downy woodpecker, red-headed woodpecker, flicker and wood thrust."

TO DESTROY HOUSEHOLD PESTS.

At this time of year many persons who are moving into buildings find them already tenanted by small but quite objectionable inhabitants. As a consequence the appeals to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, at Harrisburg, for information, during this particular season on the subject of destroying household pests, and especially bed bugs, are quite numerous. As a general reply for such information he has prepared the following letter:

"There are two methods of destroying bed bugs. One is to apply thoroughly alcocolic solution of bichloride of mercury or, in other words, corrosive sublimate. This is not only extremely poisonous, but fatal to pests, it kills them whenever it touches them. It can be put into an oil can and injected into the cracks and crevices, if immediately after using it the can is emptied and washed well, rinsed with water, and then oiled or filled with oil to prevent further action of the corrosive material. It cannot be kept in a metal oil can for a long time, because it will readily corrode the metal and eat its way through. It can be kept in a bottle, and when you wish to use it transfer it to a spring bottom oil can, and inject it where you wish. You need not be afraid to use this material freely, even though it is rank poison when taken internally.

"The other means, which is certain to get rid of bed bugs, is to fumigate thoroughly with hydrocyanic acid gas. This deadly gas is made by dropping potassium cyanide, or so-called prussic acid, into sulfuric acid and water, in a tightly closed room, and going out instantly, so that the operator will not breathe it in the least. It does not injure any fabric, metal, food or other material, although it will kill living plants, animals and insects of all knids when used at the proper strength.

"While it is safe to use, it must be used with considerable care, and for this reason an article was prepared entitled 'Household Fumigation,' which was published in one of the Monthly Bulletins of the Division of Zoology, and is sent free to persons desiring it. Minute directions are therein given. This is the most absolutely certain method of getting rid of bed bugs and other household pests. It is rather expensive, but it cleans the house completely and is satisfactory. I have fumigated several houses, mills, warehouses, etc., in our experimental work, and know whereof I speak in saying that it is effective."

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN."

But Buy a Return Ticket, As You May Want to Come Back.

The Kane Republican aptly remarks: While we are hearing the glories of the West sung in our ears and our own beautiful country run down by knockers it is well to pause and see how others who have left Pennsylvania are fairing in this much praised West. The following extracts from two letters received by Mrs. Thomas L. Kane from a friends of hers who lived near her in Pennsylvania, and is now in the most fertile part of the fruit growing region of South Colorado, will speak for themselves:

Cory, Delta Co., Colorado.
April 19th, 1912.

"Dear Mrs. Kane:—We are having beautiful weather here and everything is in blossom. If the good weather continues we will have a nice crop of peaches and apricots.

"Mrs. J. Y."

Cory, Delta Co., Colorado.
April 23, 1912.

"Dear Mrs. Kane:—Well, night before last it turned cold and our peaches and apricots are all gone. Oh, dear, but I wish we could sell this ranch and go back East for this country is not what it used to be.

"Mrs. J. Y."

FOR SALE.

Anyone in need of anything in the line of household goods inquire of

H. C. WELLS,
Cemetery St.

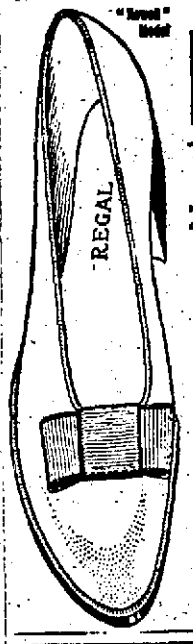
1 oak bed room suit,
Leather Library furniture,
Carpets, Rugs, Stands, Stove, etc.
Also farming implements and horse, cows, carriage, harnesses, etc.
All in good condition.

Advertise in The Miner.

FARM OF 100 ACRES, located 4 miles from Hinsdale, N. Y. 75 acres cleared. Over $1000 worth of timber, large sugar bush. 7 room house in good repair. Two barns. 260 fruit trees, apples, plums, cherries and pears, strawberries and rasberries. Watered by springs and wells. 2 miles to factory. Owner has made enough off of this farm to purchase a very large farm through this Agency. Price for quick sale, $3200. $1000 cash, payment for balance. If you want a money making farm, buy this one. HERRICK AGENCY,
Olean, N. Y.

Positions

We need more graduates to fill the high grade positions offered. Special inducements for next school year. Now is your time. Write for particulars.
WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.



NEW REGALS

IN SHOES AND OXFORDS

Black and Tan. Button and Lace.

All Leathers
All Styles
All Sizes
All Widths
All Prices

Try on a Pair.

H. W. Rubin.

THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors. ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey

Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.

It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - - Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

SPRING TIME IS PAINT TIME

And when you think of Devoe, Fewer Gallons and wear longer. The best is always the cheapest.

We also have SHERWIN-WILLIAMS at $1.85 a gal.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

HAVE A LOOK

Just a few of the Many prices given below at the up-to-date Grocery.

Best granulated sugar	6½c
6 bars Fells Neptha Soap	25c
7 bars Oak Leaf Soap	25c
Kelloggs Corn Flake 9c, or 3 for	25c
6lbs Oat Flakes	25c
Good Green Tea	38c
Good Uncolored Tea	42c
Good Rio coffee	23c
Good Java coffee	28c
Gold Dust, large size	19c
Pet Milk, large size 9c or 3 for	25c
Post Toasties, large size 9c or 3 for	25c
Corn starch	6c
Arm & Hammer Soda	6c

Fresh fruit and vegetables a specialty

Prompt Delivery Bell 'phone 107

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

SUCCESSOR TO

GEO. W. BRENNAN,

Mason Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 2, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—May started in like real spring. May it continue.

—The male quartette will sing at the M. E. church Sunday evening.

—Mrs. Electa Easton is having her house on Mechanic street shingled.

—It is said that meat prices will be higher than ever for the next 30 days at least.

—Street Commissioner Cramsie is using the road drag on our streets with good results.

—The next anniversary of the Elk-McKean Odd Fellows Association will be held in Wilcox, Pa.

—Ward Means is moving his family from the flat over the hardware store to his residence on Green street.

—The Civic Club will hold its regular semi-monthly meeting in St. Luke's parish house next Tuesday evening.

—J. W. Lee and family have stored their household goods out of the Wells flat and will board for the present.

—The penny social that was to have been held in the M. E. chapel last Friday night has been postponed until to-morrow night. All are invited to attend.

—On Tuesday of last week fire broke out in the restaurant and ice cream parlors of E. J. Taylor at Eldred and the building and contents were badly damaged before the fire was extinguished.

—Fidelity Grange, No. 1238, will hold a card party at their next regular meeting night, Saturday evening, May 4th. All members have the privelege of inviting one or two guests. Refreshments will be served.

—McKean L odge, No. 389, I. O. O. F., the Odd Fellows band and a number of friends spent last Friday in Johnsonburg where the McKean-Elk Association held its annual reunion. Smethport was well represented and all report a good time.

—Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Keating, of Clermont, and Dr. Barrett of Wilcox were united in marriage at the Catholic church in Clermont yesterday morning, by Rev. J. J. Carpenter. This popular couple have many friends in this vicinity who wish them a long and happy married life.

—Smethport is going to celebrate the Fourth of July in grand style this year and everybody within reach of this town should make preparations to come here and spend the Ever Glorious. The committee in charge is getting things in readiness and a program will probably be given out in a short time.

—If you are using gasoline made from natural gas in your automobile you should use the utmost care about allowing any kind of a flame to come near it. This gasoline is a great deal more apt to explode than that made from crude oil. Heeding this warning may save your car and possibly your life.

—The Hi Sigma Rho fraternity have been requested to finance a Leap Year ball. Accordingly they have made arrangements for an elaborate dancing party which will be held in the Smethport Lyceum, Friday evening, May 10. Excellent music will be furnished by Chadwick's augumented reed and string orchestra.

—J. H. Walker, constable of Norwich township, arrested Gus Benson and Andrew Benson for surety of the peace, on charge of Fred Younglove, and brought them to Smethport on Saturday, where they had a hearing before Justice R. C. Gleason, and in default of bail were placed in the county jail to await trial.

—Road drags are being used on the roads in this vicinity very extensively and with excellent effect. Owing to the deepness of the frost many predicted that it would be well into the summer before there were any good roads, but notwithstanding this fact the automobiling has been fair for several days past and tourists are commencing to enjoy them.

—Jim Jones, Sam Kirk and Grattan Wilson were brought over from Bradford to the county jail on Tuesday by Constable Spreter. Jones and Kirk are charged with vagrancy. Wilson was arrested a few days ago on a surety of the peace warrant and at a hearing before an alderman was required to pay the costs of the case. In default of such payment, Wilson will spend a term in the county jail.

—East Smethport Union church, pastor, S. R. Parrett. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30; Junior meeting on Saturday afternoon at 2:30; preaching Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, subject, "The Lifting Force in This World." Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Young Men's prayer meeting Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Christian Endeavor meeting in the evening at 7 o'clock. Preaching at 8 o'clock, subject, "Christ's Words."

—Mrs. J. L. Armstrong of Norwich entertained fifteen little guests from four to seven on Monday in honor of her daughter, Pansy's, ninth birthday. A very tasty luncheon was served from a table made beautiful with pink and white ribbons, carnations and arbutus, after which Little Red Riding Hood was enjoyed by all at the moving pictures. A delightful time was reported by each little guest and a wish that Pansy's birthdays came more often.

—The Smethport baseball team is composed of a number of active, energetic and ambitious young men who are striving to give this town some good sport this year and are deserving of liberal support from our business men and all lovers of the game. The team needs some financial backing and we understand will ask some help from our people. If a subscription paper comes your way don't turn it down but boost this enterprise to the best of your ability.

—Mrs. Tabor, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. J. Colegrove, on Main street, had quite a thrilling experience Tuesday evening. Just before retiring she went to the window with a lighted taper in her hands and in some way set the lace curtains on fire. The curtains burned rapidly and in her attempt to extinguish the flames she burned her hands quite painfully, but managed to put out the fire before very much damage was done. She is getting along nicely and no serious results are anticipated.

—The parents of little Theodore Morton, who was drowned in the Allegheny river, near his home in Salamanca, N. Y., April 15, have offered a reward of $50 for the recovery of his body. Warren fishermen and others, whom pleasure or business calls to the vicinity of the river, are urged to keep a close watch for the remains of the lad, as it is supposed that the current may have carried the body this far down the stream since the date of the fatality.—Warren Mirror.

—John L. Ovlatt of Farmers Valley had the misfortune to break his left arm last Friday afternoon. Mr. Ovlatt was preparing to put some new shingles on his house in East Smethport and had got on the roof when his ladder slipped and carried him to the ground. He struck on his head and left shoulder, breaking his arm near the shoulder joint and otherwise bruising his face and body. Dr. Robert Hamilton reduced the fracture and he was taken to his home in Farmers Valley where he is getting along nicely at this time.

—John A. Erickson of Ridgway, a young man aged 20 years, had his life crushed out under the wheels of a B., R. & P. freight train at Johnsonburg late last Friday night or early Saturday morning. Young Erickson had been at Johnsonburg in attendance at the I. O. O. F. celebration and late that night he evidently attempted to catch a freight train home, and was crushed under the wheels. His body was horribly mangled, almost beyond recognition and it was some time before it could be identified even by his friends.

—At the chapel exercises yesterday morning, Prof. Harry M. Shafer announced the names of the honor students at the Clarion State Normal. From a senior class numbering one hundred thirty the following were chosen: Alice Quigley, Emporium; Florence Wilkinson, Clarion; Genevieve Dunkle, Verona; Zella McLaughlin, Falls Creek; Robert T. Young, Russel; Irva Davy, Eldred; Josephine Porch, Sheffield; Mary Fulnecky, Roulette; Lee Bartlett, Clarion; Carl Pearsall, Brookville; Archie Reed, Miola; Florence Gray, Reynoldsville.

—The State Board of Education has decided that hereafter it will approve no plans for school houses unless proper provision is made for playgrounds. This seems to be a move in the right direction. The physical activity of the child must be provided for in order to secure an all round education. If children are given an opportunity to express themselves in play, they will not resort to practices which interfere with the good order of the community in which they live. No educational movement in the last ten years has attracted as much attention as the movement for the welfare of the child as it can be best conserved in giving it opportunities for physical expression.

—Mrs. J. Scott Walker entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Green street yesterday afternoon.

—The E. M. F. touring car belonging to S. H. Elder was badly damaged by fire last Sunday morning on the road between here and Coleville. The occupants of the car had got out and left the car to go into the woods to inspect some timber and in a short time a man rushed after them telling them that their car was on fire. They hurried back and by the aid of a few pails of water extinguished the blaze but not until the car was practically ruined. The cause of the fire is unknown. Mr. Elder carried $800 insurance on the car with the Burdick Agency of Smethport.

DEATH OF HARRISON LEONARD.

Veteran of Civil War Passes Away at Colegrove Last Thursday.

Harrison Leonard died at the home of Gerald McGee, Thursday morning, April 25, 1912, of Bright's disease, aged 69 years.

Mr. Leonard was born at Beaver's Dam, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1842. He was a soldier in the Civil War. In March, 1863, he was united in marriage to Eliza J. Austin, who died 5 years ago.

He is survived by seven children: Mrs. T. M. Matthson of Benna; William, of Keech, Potter county; Bert, of Emporium; James, of Cameron; Mrs. Millard Lupole, of Cameron; John, of Norwich, and Mrs. Gerald McGee, of Colegrove. The funeral service was held at the Union church at Colegrove, Saturday at 2 o'clock, Rev. Perkins officiating. Interment was in Colegrove cemetery. ***

Dr. McClaran, the Bradford Osteopath, will answer calls to Smethport and if necessary will make regular days there twice a week. Telephone or by card. 3t

GOOD PASTURE.

I have a good pasture, well fenced, for 25 horses or cattle. Inquire of F. A. SHELANDER, 4t-p Marvindale, Pa.

All kinds of disinfectants and fumigators at the A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

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BOYS' SUITS

EACH WITH

2 Pairs of Pants

Both Linen Lined, at

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Ages, 7 to 18.

They must be seen to be appreciated and worn to discover, that ours are the

very best Boys' Suits

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THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

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FRY & COMES

The One Price Store.

Carpets & Draperies

Your attention please to our house furnishing stock for spring.

The cleaning and renewing time is here and you'll likely need some new shades, lace curtains, portiers, rugs, linoleum, oil cloths, etc.

Our stocks are complete just now and values better than we have been able to offer in sometime—This is most noticeable in 9x12 Seamless Velvet Rugs of which we have some very choice patterns at $19.50. We think you would pronounce them bargains at $25.00. Better drop around and see the new stuff. It's worth your while.

Rugs—18x27 inches to 11 ft. 3 in x 12 ft., $1.25 to $42.50
Fabric Carpets per yard 35c
Linoleum—Mill ends and regular piece goods ..... 45c to 60c
Window Shades—Ecru, White and Green ..... 25c to 85c
Lace curtains—nottingham, irish point, brussels net, etc. 50c to $6.50
Portiers—Latest ideas in color and design ..... $2.50 to $5.50
Curtain Scrims ..... 10c to 38c the yd
Cretonnes ..... 6c to 35c the yd

FRY & COMES

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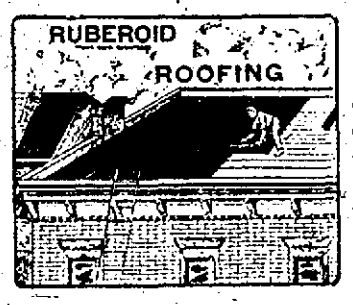

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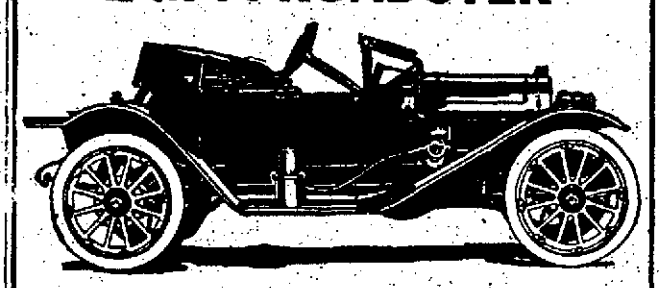

Amid the noise of much automobile advertising, we will speak quietly. We have something to say. We want men who think to listen.

Years of honest dealing and skillful manufacture have given the name STUDEBAKER a great prestige. It stands, as does a fine man, for honor and square dealing. It has become a principle. Into every E-M-F "30" or Flanders "20" automobile built goes the reputation and integrity of that name and what it stands for.

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EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Ulster Henry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxicab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train.

CHAPTER II.—Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man.

CHAPTER III.—The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train.

CHAPTER IV.—"Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears.

CHAPTER V.—She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb.

CHAPTER VI.—Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth.

CHAPTER VII.—Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling.

CHAPTER VIII.—Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell.

CHAPTER IX.—Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding hazing.

CHAPTER X.—Marjorie is distracted over their situation.

CHAPTER XI.—Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Anne Gattle, a fellow passenger.

CHAPTER XII.—Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb.

CHAPTER XIV.—Mallory reports to Marjorie his failure to find a preacher.

CHAPTER XV.—They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth.

CHAPTER XIX.

Foiled!

It was late in the forenoon before the train came to the end of its iron furrow across that fertile space between two of the world's greatest rivers, which the Indians called "Iowa," nobody knows exactly why. In contrast with the palisades of the Mississippi, the Missouri twists like a great brown dragon wallowing in congenial mud. The water itself, as Bob Burdette said, is so muddy that the wind blowing across it raises a cloud of dust.

A sonorous bridge led the way into Nebraska, and the train came to a halt at Omaha. Mallory and Marjorie got out to stretch their legs and their dog. If they had only known that the train was to stop there the quarter of an hour, and if they had only known some preacher there and had had him to the station, the ceremony could have been consummated then and there.

The horizon was fairly saw-toothed with church spires. There were preachers, preachers everywhere, and not a deminie to do their deed.

After they had strolled up and down the platform, and up and down, and up and down till they were fain of their cramped quarters, again, Marjorie suddenly dug her nails into Mallory's arm.

"Honey! look—look!"

Honey looked, and there before their very eyes stood as clerical a looking person as ever announced a strawberry festival.

Mallory stared and stared, till Marjorie said:

"Don't you see? stupid! it's a preacher! a preacher!"

"It looks like one," was as far as Mallory would commit himself, and he was turning away. He had about come to the belief that anything that looked like a person was something else. But Marjorie whirled him round again, with a shrill whisper to listen. And he overheard in tones addicted to the pulpit:

"Yes, deacon, I trust that the harvest will be plentiful at my new church. It grieves me to leave the dear brothers and sisters in the Lord in Omaha, but I felt called to wider pastures."

And a lady who was evidently Mrs. Deacon spoke up:

"We'll miss you terrible. We all say you are the best pastor our church ever had."

Mallory prepared to spring on his prey and drag him to his lair, but Marjorie held him back.

"He's taking our train, Lord bless his dear old soul."

And Mallory could have hugged him. But he kept close watch. To the rapture of the wedding hungry twain, the preacher shook hands with such of his flock as had followed him to the station, picked up his valise and walked up to the porter, extending his ticket.

But the porter said—and Mallory coud have throttled him for saying it:

"'Scuse me, pos'on, but that's yo' train ova yonda. You betta move right smaht, for it's gettin' ready to pull out."

With a little shriek of dismay, the parson clutched his valise and set off at a run. Mallory dashed after him and Marjorie after Mallory. They shouted as they ran, but the conductor of the east bound train sang out "All aboard!" and swung on.

The parson made a sprint and caught the ultimate rail of the moving train. Mallory made a frantic leap at a flying coat-tail and missed. As he and Marjorie stood gazing reproachfully at the train which was giving a beautiful illustration of the laws of retreating perspective, they heard wild howls of "Hi! hi!" and "Hay! hay!" and turned to see their own train in motion, and the porter dancing a Zulu step alongside.

CHAPTER XX.

Foiled Again.

Mallory tucked Marjorie under his arm and Marjorie tucked Snoozleums under hers, and they did a sort of three-legged race down the platform. The porter was pale blue with excitement, and it was with the last gasp of breath in all three bodies that they scrambled up the steps of the only open vestibule.

The porter was mad enough to give them a piece of his mind, and they were meek enough to take it without a word of explanation or resentment.

And the train sped on into the heart of Nebraska, along the unpoetic valley of the Platte. When lunch-time came, they ate it together, but in gloomy silence. They sat in Marjorie's berth throughout the appallingly monotonous afternoon in a stupor of disappointment and helpless dejection, speaking little and saying nothing then.

Whenever the train stopped, Mallory watched the on getting passengers with his keenest eye. He had a theory that since most people who looked like preachers were decidedly lay, it might be well to take a gambler's chance and accost the least ministerial person next.

So, in his frantic anxiety, he selected a horsey-looking individual who got on at North Platte. He looked so much like a rawhided ranchman that Mallory stole up on him and asked him to excuse him, but did he happen to be a clergyman? The man replied by asking Mallory if he happened to be a flea-bitten maverick, and embellished his question with a copious flow of the words ministers use, but with a secular arrangement of them. In fact he split one word in two to insert a double barrelled curse. All that Mallory could do was to admit that he was a flea bitten what he said, and back away.

After that, if a vicar in full uniform had marched down the aisle heading a procession of choir-boys, Mallory would have suspected him. He vowed in his haste that Marjorie might die an old maid before he would approach anybody else on that subject.

Nebraska would have been a nice long state for a honeymoon, but its four hundred-odd miles were a dreary length for the couple so near and yet so far. The railroad clinging to the meandering Platte made the way far longer, and Mallory and Marjorie left like Pyramus and Thisbe wandering along an eternal wall, through which they could see, but not reach, one another.

They dined together as dolefully as if they had been married for forty years. Then the slow twilight soaked them in its melancholy. The porter lighted up the car, and the angels lighed up the stars, but nothing lighted up their hopes.

"We've got to quarrel again, my beloved," Mallory groaned to Marjorie.

Somehow they were too dreary even to nag one another with an outburst for the benefit of the eager-eyed passengers.

A little excitement bestirred them as they realized that they were confronted with another night-robeless night and a morrow without change of gear.

"What a pity that we left our things in the taxicab," Marjorie sighed. And this time she said, "we left them," instead of "you left them." It was very gracious of her, but Mallory did not acknowledge the courtesy. Instead he gave a start and a gasp:

"Good Lord, Marjorie, we never paid the second taxicab!"

"Great heavens, how shall we ever pay him? He's been waiting there twenty four hours. How much do you suppose we owe him?"

"About a year of my pay, I guess."

"You must send him a telegram of apology and ask him to read his meter. He was such a nice man—the kindest eyes—for a chauffeur."

"But how can I telegraph him? I don't know his name, or his number, or his company, or anything."

"It's too bad. He'll go through life hating us and thinking we cheated him."

"Well, he doesn't know our names either."

And then they forgot him temporarily for the more immediate need of clothes. All the passengers knew that they had left behind what baggage they had not sent ahead, and much sympathy had been expressed. But most people would rather give you their sympathy than lend you their clothes. Mallory did not mind the men, but Marjorie dreaded the women. She was afraid of all of them but Mrs. Temple.

She threw herself on the little lady's mercy and was asked to help herself. She borrowed a nightgown of extraordinary simplicity, a shirt waist of an ancient mode, and a number of other things.

If there had been anyone there to see she would have made a most anachronistic bride.

Mallory canvassed the men and obtained a shockingly purple shirt from Wedgewood, who meant to put him at his ease, but somehow failed when he said in answer to Mallory's thanks:

"God bless my soul, old fop, don't you think of thanking me. I ought to thank you. You see, the idiot who cashes my shirts, made that by mistake, and I'd be no end grateful if you'd jolly well take the loathsome thing off my hands. I mean to say, I shouldn't dream of being seen in it myself. You quite understand, don't you?"

Ashton contributed a maroon atrocity in hosiery, with equal tact:

"If they fit you, keep 'em. I got stung on that batch of socks. That pair was originally lavender, but they washed like that. Keep 'em. I wouldn't be found dead in 'em."

The mysterious Fosdick, who lived a lonely life in the Observation car and slept in the other sleeper, lent Mallory a pair of pyjamas evidently intended for a bridegroom of romantic disposition. Mallory blushed as he accepted them and when he found himself in them, he whisked out the light, he was so ashamed of himself.

Once more the whole car gaped at the unheard of behavior of its newly wedded pair. The poor porter had been hungry for a bridal couple, but as he went about gathering up the cast-off footwear of his large family and found Mallory's shoes at number three and Marjorie's tiny boots at number five, he shook his head and groaned.

"Times has suttainly changed for the wuss. If this is a bridal couple, gimme divorcees."

CHAPTER XXI.

Matrimony to and Fro.

And the next morning they were in Wyoming—well toward the center of that State. They had left behind the tame levels and the truly rural towns and they were among foothills and mountains, passing cities of wildly picturesque repute, like Cheyenne, and Laramie, Bowie, and Medicine Bow, and Bitter Creek, whose very names imply literature and war whoops, cowboy yelps, barking revolvers, another redskin biting the dust, cattle stampedes, town-paintings, humorous lynchings and bronchos in epileptic frenzy.

But the talk of this train was concerned with none of these wonders, which the novelists and the magazinist have perhaps a trifle overpublished. The talk of this train was concerned with the eighth wonder of the world, a semi detached bridal couple.

Mrs. Whitcomb was eager enough to voice the sentiment of the whole populace, when she looked up from her novel in the observation room and, nudging Mrs. Temple, drawled: "By the way, my dear, has that bridal couple made up its second night's quarrel yet?"

"The Mallorys?" Mrs. Temple flushed as she answered, mercifully. "Oh, yes, they were very friendly again this morning."

Mrs. Whitcomb's countenance was cynical: "My dear, I've been married twice and I ought to know something about honeymoons, but this honeyless honeymoon—" she cast up her eyes and her hands in despair.

The women were so concerned about Mr. and "Mrs." Mallory, that they hardly noticed the uncomfortable plight of the Wellingtons, or the curious behavior of the lady from the stateroom who seemed to be afraid of something and never spoke to anybody. The strange behavior of Anne Gattle and Ira Lathrop even escaped much comment, though they were forever being stumbled on when anybody went out to the observation platform. When they were dislodged from there, they sat playing checkers and talking very little, but making eyes at one another and sighing like furnaces.

They had evidently concocted some secret of their own, for Ira, looking at his watch, murmured sentimentally to Anne: "Only a few hours more, Annie."

And Anne turned geranium-color and dropped a handful of checkers. "I don't know how I can face it."

Ira growled like a lovesick lion: "Aw, what do you care?"

"But I was never married before, Ira," Anne protested, "and on a train, too."

"Why, all the bridal couples take to the railroads."

"I should think it would be the last place they'd go," said Anne—a sensible woman, Anne! "Look at the Mallories—how miserable they are."

"I thought they were happy," said Ira, whose great virtue it was to pay little heed to what was none of his business.

"Oh, Ira," cried Anne, "I hope we shan't begin to quarrel as soon as we are married."

"As if anybody could quarrel with you, Anne," he said.

"Do you think I'll be so monotonous as that?" she retorted.

Her spunk delighted him beyond words. He whispered: "Anne, you're so gol-darned sweet if I don't get a chance to kiss you, I'll bust."

"Why, Ira—we're on the train."

"Da—darn the train! Who ever heard of a fellow proposing and getting engaged to a girl and not even kissing her."

"But our engagement is so short."

"Well, I'm not going to marry you until I get a kiss."

Perhaps innocent old Anne really believed this blood-curdling threat. It brought her instantly to terms, though she blushed. "But everybody's always looking."

"Come out on the observation platform."

"Oh, Ira, again?"

"I dare you."

"I take you—but" seeing that Mrs. Whitcomb was trying to overhear, she whispered: "Let's pretend it's the scenery."

So Ira rose, pushed the checkers aside, and said in an unusually positive tone: "Ah, Miss Gattle, won't you have a look at the landscape?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Lathrop," said Anne, "I just love scenery."

They wandered forth like the Sleeping Beauty and her princely awakener, and never dreamed what gigglings and nudgings and wise head-noddings went on back of them. Mrs. Wellington laughed loudest of all at the lovers whose heads had grown gray while their hearts were still so green.

It was shortly after this that the Wellingtons themselves came into prominence in the train life.

As the train approached Green River, and its copper-basined streams, the engineer began to set the air-brakes for the stop. Jimmie Wellington, boozily half-awake in the smoking room, wanted to know what the name of the station was. Everybody is always eager to oblige a drunken man, so Ashton and Fosdick tried to get a window open to look out.

The first one they labored at, they could not budge after a biceps-breaking tug. The second flew up with such ease that they went over backward. Ashton put his head out and announced that the approaching depot was labelled "Green River." Wellington burbled: "What a beautiful name for a situation."

Ashton announced that there was something beautifuller still on the platform—"Oh, a peach!—a nectarine! and she's getting on this train."

Even Doctor Temple declared that she was a dear little thing, wasn't she?

Wellington pushed him aside, saying: "Stand back Doc, and let me see; I have a keen sense of beauty!"

"Be careful," cried the doctor, "he'll fall out of the window."

"Not out of that window," Ashton sagely observed, seeing the bulk of Wellington. As the train started off again, Little Jimmie distributed alcoholic smiles to the Green Riverers on the platform and called out:

"Good'bye, ever'body. You're all absh'ootly—ow— ow!" He clapped his hand to his eye and crawled back into the car, groaning with pain.

"What's the matter?" said Wedgewood. "Got something in your eye?"

"No, you blamed fool. I'm trying to look through my thumb."

"Poor fellow!" sympathized Doctor Temple, "it's a cinder!"

"A cinder! It's at least a ton of coal!"

"I say, old boy, let me have a peek," said Wedgewood, screwing his monocle and peering into the depths of Wellington's eye. "I can't see a bally thing."

"Of course not, with that blinder on," growled the miserable wretch, weeping in spite of himself and rubbing his smarting orb.

"Don't rub that eye," Ashton counselled, "rub the other eye."

"It's my eye; I'll rub it if I want to. Get me a doctor, somebody. I'm dying."

"Here's Doctor Temple," said Ashton, "right on the job." Wellington turned to the old clergyman with pathetic trust, and the deceiver writhed in his disguise. The best he could think of was: "Will somebody lend me a lead pencil?"

"What for?" said Wellington, uneasily.

"I am going to roll your upper lid up on it," said the Doctor.

"Oh, no, you're not," said the patient. "You can roll your own lids!"

Then the conductor, still another conductor, wandered on the scene and asked as if it were not a world-important matter: "What's the matter—pick up a cinder?"

"Yes. Perhaps you can get it out," the alleged doctor appealed.

The conductor nodded: "The best way is this—take hold of the winkers."

"The what?" mumbled Wellington.

"Grab the winkers of your upper eyelid in your right hand—"

"I've got 'em."

"Now grab the winkers of your lower eyelid in your left hand. Now raise the right hand, push the under lid under the overlid and haul the overlid over the underlid; when you have the overlid well over the under—"

Wellington waved him away: "Say, what do you think I'm trying to do? stuff a mattress? Get out of my way. I want my wife—lead me to my wife."

"An excellent idea," said Dr. Temple, who had been praying for a reconciliation.

He guided Wellington with difficulty to the observation room and, finding Mrs. Wellington at the desk as usual, he began: "Oh, Mrs. Wellington, may I introduce you to your husband"

Mrs. Wellington rose haughtily, caught a sight of her suffering consort and ran to him with a cry of "Jimmie!"

"Lucretia!"

"What's happened—are you killed?"

"I'm far from well. But don't worry. My life insurance is paid up."

"Oh, my poor little darling," Mrs. Jimmie fluttered, "What on earth ails you?" She turned to the doctor. "Is he going to die?"

"I think not," said the doctor. "It's only a bad case of cinder-in-the-eyetis."

Thus reassured, Mrs. Wellington went into the patient's eye with her handkerchief. "Is that the eye?" she asked.

"No!" he howled, "the other one."

She went into that and came out with the cinder.

"There! It's just a tiny speck."

Wellington regarded the mote with amazement. "Is that all? It felt as if I had Pike's Peak in my eye." Then he waxed tender. "Oh, Lucretia, how can I ever—"

But she drew away with a disdainful: "Give me back my hand, please."

"Now, Lucretia," he protested, "don't you think you're carrying this pretty far?"

"Only as far as Reno," she answered grimly, which stung him to retorts. "You'd better take the beam out of your own eye, now that you've taken the cinder out of mine," but she, nothing that they were the center of interest, observed: "All the passengers are enjoying this, my dear. You'd better go back to the cafe."

Wellington regarded her with a revulsion to wrath. He thundered at her: "I will go back, but allow me to inform you, my dear madam, that I'll not drink another drop—just to surprise you."

Mrs. Wellington shrugged her shoulders at this ancient threat and Jimmie stumbled back to his lair, whither the men followed him. Feeling sympathy in the atmosphere, Little Jimmie felt impelled to pour out his grief:

"Jellmen, I'm a brok'n-heartless man. Mrs. Well'n'ton is a queen among women, but she has temper of tarsnt—"

Wedgewood broke in: "I say, old boy, you've carried this ballast for three days now, wherever did you get it?"

Wellington drew himself up proudly for a moment before he slumped back into himself. "Well, you see, when I announced to a few friends that I was about to leave Mrs. Well'n'ton forever and that I was going out to—to—you know."

"Reno. We know. Well?"

"Well, a crowd of my friends got up a farewell sort of divorce breakfast—and some of 'em felt so very sad about my divorce that they drank a little too much, and the rest of my friends felt so very glad about my divorce, that they drank a little too much. And, of course, I had to join both parties."

"And that breakfast," said Ashton, "lasted till the train started, eh?"

Wellington glowered back triumphantly. "Lasted till the train started? Jellmen, that breakfast is going yet!"

CHAPTER XXII.

In the Smoking Room.

Wellington's divorce breakfast reminded Ashton of a story. Ashton was one of the great That-Reminds-Me family. Perhaps it was to the credit of the Englishman that he missed the point of this story, even though Jimmie Wellington saw it through his fog, and Dr. Temple turned red and buried his eyes in the eminently respectable pages of the Scientific American.

Ashton and Wellington and Fosdick exchanged winks over the Britisher's stare of incomprehension, and Ashton explained it to him again in words of one syllable, with signboards at all the different spots.

Finally a gleam of understanding broke over Wedgewood's face and he tried to justify his delay.

"Oh, yes, of cawse I see it now. Yes, I rather fancy I get you. It's awfully good, isn't it? I think I should have got it before but I'm not really myself; for two mawnings I haven't had my tub."

Wellington shook with laughter: "If you're like this now, what will you be when you get to Sin san frasco—I mean Frinsansisco—well, you know what I mean."

Ashton reached round for the electric button as if he were conferring a favor: "The drinks are on you, Wedgewood. I'll ring." And he rang.

"Awf'lly kind of you," said Wedgewood, "but how do you make that out?"

"The man that misses the point, pays for the drinks." And he rang again. Wellington protested.

"But I've jolly well paid for all the drinks for two days."

Wellington roared: "That's another point you've missed." And Ashton rang again, but the pale yellow individual who had always answered the bell with alacrity did not appear. "Where's that infernal buffet waiter?" grumbled.

Wedgewood began to titter. "We were out of Scotch, so I sent him for some more."

"When?"

"Two stations back. I fancy we must have left him behind."

"Well, why in thunder didn't you say so?" Ashton roared.

"It quite escaped my mind," Wedgewood grinned. "Rather good joke on you fellows, what?"

"Well, I don't see the point," Ashton growled, but the triumphant Englishman howled: "That's where you pay!"

Wedgewood had his laugh to himself, for the others wanted to murder him. Ashton advised a lynching, but the conductor arrived on the scene in time to prevent violence.

Fosdick informed him of the irretrievable loss of the useful buffet waiter. The conductor promised to get another at Ogden.

Ashton wailed: "Have we got to sit here and die of thirst till then?"

The conductor refused to "back up for a coon," but offered to send in a sleeping-car porter as a temporary substitute.

As he started to go, Fosdick, who had been incessantly consulting his watch, checked him to ask: "Oh, conductor, when do we get to the state-line of dear old Utah?"

"Dear old Utah!" the conductor grinned. "We'd 'a' been there already if we hadn't 'a' fell behind a little."

"Just my luck to be late," Fosdick moaned.

"What you so anxious to be in Utah for, Fosdick?" Ashton asked, suspiciously. "You go on to Frisco, don't you?"

Fosdick was evidently confused at the direct question. He tried to dodge it: "Yes, but—funny how things have changed. When we started, nobody was speaking to anybody except his wife, now—"

"Now," said Ashton, drily, "everybody's speaking to everybody except his wife."

"You're wrong there," Little Jimmie interrupted. "I wasn't speaking to my wife in the first place. We got on as strangers and we're strangers yet. Mrs. Well'n'ton is a—"

"A queen among women, we know! Dry up," said Ashton, and then they heard the querulous voice of the porter of their sleeping car: "I tell you, I don't know nothin' about the buffet business."

The conductor pushed him in with a gruff command. "Crawl in that cage and get busy."

"Still the porter protested: "Mista Pullman engaged me for a sleepin' car, not a drinkin' car. I'm a berth-maker, not a mixer." He cast a resentful glance through the window that served also as a bar, and his whole tone changed: "Say, is you goin' to allow me loose amongst all you do, I can't guarantee my conduck."

them beautiful bottles? Say, man, if

"If you even sniff one of those bottles," the conductor warned him, "I'll crack it over your head."

"That won't worry me none—as long as my mouf's open." He smacked his chops over the prospect of intimacy with that liquid treasury. "Lordy! Well, I'll try to control my emotions—but remember, I don't guarantee nothin'."

The conductor started to go, but paused for final instructions: "And remember—after we get to Utah we can't serve any hard liquor at all."

"What's that? Don't they 'low nothin' in that old Utah but ice-cream soda?"

"That's about all. If you touch a drop, I'll leave you in Utah for life."

"Oh, Lordy, I'll be good!"

The conductor left the excited black and went his way. Ashton was the first to speak: "Say, Porter, can you mix drinks?"

The porter ruminated, then confessed: "Well, not on the outside, no, sir. If you-all is thirsty you better order the simplest things you can think of. If you want to command anything fancy, Lord knows what you'd get. Supposin' you was to say, 'Gimme a Tom Collins.' I'd be just as liable as not to pass you a Jack Johnson."

"Well, can you open beer?"

"Oh, I'm a natural born beer-opener."

"Rush it out then. My throat is as full of alkali dust as these windows."

The porter soon appeared with a tray full of cotton-topped glasses. The day was hot and the alkali dust very oppressive, and the beer was cold. Dr. Temple looked on it when it was amber, and suffered himself to be bullied into taking a glass.

He felt that he was the greatest sinner on earth, but worst of all was the fact that when he had fallen, the forbidden brew was not sweet. He was inexperienced enough to sip it and it was like foaming quinine on his palate. But he kept at it from sheer shame, and his luxurious transgression was its own punishment.

The doleful Mallory was on his way to join the "club." Crossing the vestibule he had met the conductor, and had ventured to quiz him along the old lines:

"Excuse be, haven't you taken any clergymen on board this train yet?"

"Devil a one."

"Don't you ever carry any preachers on this road?"

"Usually we get one or two. Last trip we carried a whole Methodist convention."

"A whole convention last trip! Just my luck!"

The unenlightened conductor turned to call back: "Say, up in the forward car we got a couplo of undertakers. They be of any use to you?"

"Not yet."

Then Mallory dawdled on into the smoking room, where he found his own porter, who explained that he had been "promoted to the bottlery."

"Do we come to a station stop soon?" Mallory asked.

"Well, not for a considerable interval. Do you want to get out and walk up and down?"

"I don't," said Mallory, taking from under his coat Snoozleums, whom he had smuggled past the new conductor, "Meanwhile, Porter, could you give him something to eat to distract him?"

The porter grinned, and picking up a bill of fare held it out: "I got a meenuel. It ain't written in dog, but you can explain it to him. What would yo' canine desiah, sah?"

Snoozleums put out a paw and Mallory read what it indicated: "He says he'd like a filet Chateaubriand, but if you have any old bones, he'll take those." The porter gathered Snoozleums in and disappeared with him into the buffet, Mallory calling after him: "Don't let the conductor see him."

Dr. Temple advanced on the disconsolate youth with an effort at cheer: "How is our bridegroom this beautiful afternoon?"

Mallory glanced at his costume: "I feel like a rainbow gone wrong. Just my luck to have to borrow from everybody. Look at me! This collar of Mr. Wellington's makes me feel like a peanut in a rubber tire." He turned to Fosdick.

"I say, Mr. Fosdick, what size collar do you wear?"

"Fourteen and a half," said Fosdick.

"Fourteen and a half!—why don't you get a neck? You haven't got a plain white shirt, have you? Our English friend lent me this, but it's purple, and Mr. Ashton's socks are maroon, and this peacock blue tie is very unhappy."

"I think I can fit you out," said Fosdick.

"And if you had an extra pair of socks," Mallory pleaded—"just one pair of unemotional socks."

"I'll show you my repertoire."

"All right, I'll see you later." Then he went up to Wellington, with much hesitance of manner. "By the way,

Mr. Wellington, do you suppose Mrs. Wellington could lend Miss—Mrs.—could lend Marjorie some—some—"

Wellington waved him aside with magnificent scorn. "I am no longer in Mrs Wellington's confidence."

"Oh, excuse me," said Mallory. He had noted that the Wellingtons occupied separate compartments, but for all he knew their reason was as romantic as his own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Through a Tunnel.

Mrs. Jimmie Wellington, who had traveled much abroad and learned in England the habit of smoking in the corridors of expensive hotels, had acquired also the habit, as travelers do, of calling England freer than America. She determined to do her share toward the education of her native country, and chose, for her topic, tobacco as a feminine accomplishment

She had grown indifferent to stares and audible comment and she could fight a protesting head waiter to a standstill If monuments and tablets are ever erected to the first woman who smoked publicly in this place or that, Mrs Jimmie Wellington will be variously remembered and occupy a large place in historical record.

The narrow confines of the women's room on the sleeping car soon palled on her, and she objected to smoking there except when she felt the added luxury of keeping some other woman outside—fuming, but not smoking. And now Mrs Jimmie had staked out a claim on the observation platform She sat there, puffing like a major-general, and in one portion of Nebraska two farmers fell off their agricultural vehicles at the sight of her cigar smoke trailing after the train. In Wyoming three cowboys followed her for a mile, yipping and howling their compliments

Feeling the smoke mood coming on, Mrs Wellington invited Mrs Temple to smoke with her, but Mrs Temple felt a reminiscent qualm at the very thought, so Mrs Jimmie sauntered out alone, to the great surprise of Ira Lathrop whose motto was, 'Two heads are better than one," and who was apparently willing to wait till Anne Gattle's head grew on his shoulder

"I trust I don't intrude," Mrs Wellington said

"Oh, no Oh, yes" Anne gasped in fiery confusion as she fled into the car, followed by the purple-faced Ira, who slammed the door with a growl "That Wellington woman would break up anything"

The prim little missionary toppled into the nearest chair: 'Oh, Ira, what will she think?"

'She can't think'" Ira grumbled "In a little while she'll know'

"Don't you think we'd better tell everybody before they begin to talk?'

Ira glowed with pride at the thought and murmured with all the ardor of a senile Romeo' 'I suppose so, ducky darling I'll break it—I mean I'll tell it to the men, and you tell the women."

"All right, dear, I'll obey you," she answered, meekly.

"Obey me!" Ira laughed with boyish swagger. "And you a missionary!"

"Well, I've converted one heathen, anyway," said Anne as she darted down the corridor, followed by Ira, who announced his intention to "go to the baggage car and dig up his old Prince Albert."

In their flight forward they passed the mysterious woman in the stateroom. They were too full of their own mystery to give thought to hers. Mrs Fosdick went timidly prowling toward the observation car, suspecting everybody to be a spy, as Mallory suspected everybody to be a clergyman in disguise.

As she stole along the corridor past the men's clubroom she saw her husband—her here-and there husband—wearily counting the telegraph posts and summing them up into miles She tapped on the glass and signalled to him, then passed on.

He answered with a look, then pretended not to have noticed, and waited a few moments before he rose with an elaborate air of carelessness. He beckoned the porter and said;

"Let me know the moment we enter Utah, will you?"

"Yassah We'll be comin' along right soon now. We got to pass through the big Aspen tunnel, after that, befo' long, we spounce into old Utah."

"Don't forget," said Fosdick, as he sauntered out. Ashton perked up his ears at the promise of a tunnel and kept his eye on his watch.

Fosdick entered the observation room with a hungry look in his luscious eyes His now-and-then wife put up a warning finger to indicate Mrs. Whitcomb's presence at the writing desk.

Fosdick's smile froze into a smirk of formality and he tried to chill his tone as if he were speaking to a total stranger.

"Good afternoon."

Mrs. Fosdick answered with equal ice: "Good afternoon. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks. Very picturesque scenery, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" Fosdick seated himself, looked about cautiously, noted that Mrs. Whitcomb was apparently absorbed in her letter, then lowered his voice confidentially. His face kept up a strained pretense of indifference, but his whisper was passionate with longing:

"Has my poor little wifey missed her poor old hubby?"

"Oh, so much!" she whispered "Has poor little hubby missed his poor old wife?"

"Horribly. Was she lonesome in that dismal stateroom all by herself?"

"Oh, so miserable! I can't stand it much longer."

Fosdick's face blazed with good news: "It just a little while we come to the Utah line—then we're safe."

"God bless Utah!"

The rapture died from her face as she caught sight of Dr. Temple, who happened to stroll in and go to the bookshelves, and taking out a book happened to glance near-sightedly her way.

"Be careful of that man, dearie," Mrs. Fosdick hissed out of one side of her mouth. "He's a very strange character"

Her husband was infected with her own terror He asked, huskily: "What do you think he is?"

"A detective! I'm sure he's watching us. He followed you right in here."

"We'll be very cautious—till we get to Utah."

The old clergyman, a little fuzzy in brain from his debut in beer, continued innocently to confirm the appearance of a detective by drifting aimlessly about. He was looking for his wife, but he kept glancing at the uneasy Fosdicks. He went to the door, opened it, saw Mrs Wellington finishing a cigar, and retreated precipitately. Seeing Mrs. Temple wandering in the corridor, he motioned her to a chair near the Fosdicks and she sat by his side, wondering at his flimsy eyes.

The Fosdicks, glancing uncomfortably at Dr Temple, rose and selected other chairs further away Then Roger Ashton sauntered in, his eyes searching for a proper companion through the tunnel

He saw Mrs. Wellington returning from the platform, just tossing away her cigar and blowing out the last of its grateful vapor.

With an effort at sarcasm, he went to her and offered her one of his own cigars, smiling, "Have another."

She took it, looked it over, and parried his irony with a formula she had heard men use when they hate to refuse a gift-cigar. "Thanks, I'll smoke it after dinner, if you don't mind"

'Oh, I don't mind," he laughed, then bending closer he murmured' 'They tell me we are coming to a tunnel, a nice, long, dark, dismal tunnel.

Mrs Wellington would not take a dare She felt herself already emancipated from Jimmie So she answered Ashton's hint with a laughing challenge:

"How nice of the conductor to arrange it."

Ashton smacked his lips over the prospect

And now the porter, having noted Ashton's impatience to reach the tunnel, thought to curry favor and a quarter by announcing its approach. He hustled in and made straight for Ashton just as the tunnel announced itself with a sudden swoop of gloom, a great increase of the train noises and a far-off clang of the locomotive bell.

Out of the Egyptian darkness came the unmistakable sounds of osculation in various parts of the room. Doubtless, it was repeated in other parts of the train ' There were numerous cooing sounds, too, but nobody spoke except Mrs Temple, who was heard to murmur:

"Oh, Walter, dear, what makes your breath so funny!"

Next came a little yowl of pain in Mrs Fosdick's voice, and then daylight flooded the car with a rush, as if time had made an instant leap from midnight to noon. There were interesting disclosures.

Mrs. Temple was caught with her arms round the doctor's neck, and she blushed like a spoony girl. Mrs. Fosdick was trying to disengage her hair from Mr Fosdick's scarf pin. Mrs. Whitcomb alone was deserted. Mr. Ashton was gazing devotion at Mrs Wellington and trying to tell her with his eyes how velvet he had found her cheek.

But she was looking reproachfully at him from a chair, and saying, not without regret:

"I heard everybody kissing everybody, but I was cruelly neglected."

Ashton's eyes widened with unbelief, he heard a snicker at his elbow, and whirled to find the porter rubbing his black velvet cheek and writhing with pent up laughter.

Mrs. Wellington glanced the same way, and a shriek of understanding burst from her. It sent the porter into a spasm of yah-yahs till he caught Ashton's eyes and saw murder in them. The porter fled to the platform and held the door fast, expecting to be lynched.

But Ashton dashed away in search of concealment and soap.

The porter remained on the platform for some time, planning to leap overboard and take his chances rather than fall into Ashton's hands, but at length, finding himself unpursued, he peered into the car and, seeing that Ashton had gone, he returned to his duties. He kept a close watch on Ashton, but on soberer thoughts Ashton had decided that the incident would best be consigned to silence and oblivion. But for all the rest of that day he kept rubbing his lips with his handkerchief.

The porter, noting that the train had swept into a granite gorge like an enormously magnified aisle in a made-up sleeping car, recognized the presence of Echo Canyon, and with it the entrance into Utah He hastened to impart the tidings to Mr. Fosdick and held out his hand as he extended the information

Fosdick could hardly believe that his twelve hundred mile exile was over.

"We're in Utah?" he exclaimed.

"Yassah," and the porter shoved his palm into Mr. Fosdick filled it with all his loose change, then whirled to his wife and cried:

"Kitty! We are in Utah now! Embrace me!"

She flung herself into his arms with a gurgle of bliss. The other passengers gasped with amazement: This sort of thing was permissible enough in a tunnel, but in the full light of day—!

Fosdick, noting the sensation he had created, waved his hand reassuringly and called across his wife's shoulder:

"Don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen. She's my wife!" He added in a whisper meant for her ear alone: "At least till we get to Nevada!"

Then she whispered something in his ear and they hurried from the car. They left behind them a bewilderment that eclipsed the wonder of the Mallories. That couple spoke to each other at least during the day time. Here was a married pair that did not speak at all for two days and two nights and then made a sudden and public rush to each other's arms!

Dr. Temple summed up the general feeling when he said:

"I don't believe in witches, but if I did, I'd believe that this train is bewitched."

Later he decided that Fosdick was a Mormon elder and that Mrs. Fosdick was probably a twelfth or thirteenth spouse he was smuggling in from the east. The theory was not entirely false, for Fosdick was one of the many victims of the crazy-quilt of American divorce codes, though he was the most unwilling of polygamists. And Dr Temple gave up his theory in despair the next morning when he found the Fosdicks still on the train, and once more keeping aloof from each other

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Train Butcher.

Mallory was dragging out a miserable existence with a companion who was neither maid, wife nor widow and to whom he was neither bachelor, husband, nor relict

They were suffering brain-fag from their one topic of conversation, and heart-fag from rapture deferred. Marjorie had pretended to take a nap and Mallory had pretended that he would leave her for her own sake Their contradictory chains were beginning to gall

Mallory sat in the smoking room, and threw aside a half finished cigar Life was indeed nauseous when tobacco turned rank on his lips. He watched without interest the stupendous scenery whirling past the train; granite ravines, infernal grotesques of architecture and diablerie, the Giant's Teapot, the Devil's Slide, the Pulpit Rock, the Hanging Rock, splashes of mineral color, as if titanic paint pots had been spilled or flung against the cliffs, sudden flushes of green pine-worlds, dreary graveyards of sand and sagebrush, mountain streams in frothing panics

His jaded soul could not respond to any of these thrillers, the dime-novels and melodramatic third-acts of nature But with the arrival of a train-boy, who had got on at Evanston with a batch of Salt Lake City newspapers, he woke a little

The other men came trooping round, like sheep at a herd boy's whistle or chickens when a pan of grain is brought into the yard The train "butcher" had a nasal sing song, but his strain might have been the Pied Piper's tune emptying Hamelin of its grown ups The charms of flirtation, matrimonial bliss and feminine beauty were forgotten, and the males flocked to the delights of stock-market reports, political or racing or dramatic or sporting or criminal news Even Ashton braved the eyes of his fellow men for the luxury of burying his nose in a fresh paper.

"Papers, gents? Yes? No?" the train butcher chanted. "Salt Lake papers, Ogden papers, all the latest papers, comic papers, magazines, periodicals."

"Here, boy," said Ashton, snapping his fingers, "what's the latest New York paper?"

"Last Sat'day's."

"Six days old? I read that before I left New York. Well, give me that Salt Lake paper. It has yesterday's stock market, I suppose."

"Yes, sir." He passed over the sheet and made change, without abating his monody: "Papers, gents. Yes? No? Salt Lake pa—"

"Whash latesh from Chicago?" said Wellington.

"Monday's."

"I read that before—that breakfast began," laughed Little Jimmie. "Well, give me Salt Lake Bazoo. It has baseball news, I s'pose."

"Yes, sir," the butcher answered, and his tone grew reverent as he said: "The Giants won. Mr. Mattyson was pitching Papers, gents, all the latest papers, magazines, periodicals."

Wedgewood extended a languid hand: "What's the latest issue of the London Times?"

"Never heard of it."

Wedgewood almost fainted, and returned to his Baedeker of the United States.

Dr. Temple summoned the lad: "I don't suppose you have the Ypsilanti Eagle?"

The butcher regarded him with pity, and sniffed: "I carry newspapers, not poultry."

"Well, give me the—" he saw a pink weekly of rather picturesque appearance, and the adventure attracted him. "I'll take this—also the Outlook" He folded the pink within the green, and entered into a new and startling world—a sort of journalistic slumming tour.

"Give me any old thing," said Mallory, and flung open an Ogden journal till he found the sporting page, where his eyes brightened "By jove, a ten-inning game! Matthewson in the box!"

"Hitting in front [illegible] player in the world," said Little Jimmie, and then everybody disappeared behind paper ramparts, while the butcher lingered to explain to the porter the details of the great event.

About this time, Marjorie, tired of her pretence at slumber, strolled into the observation car, glancing into the men's room, where she saw nothing but newspapers. Then Mrs Wellington saw her, and smiled: "Come in and make yourself at home"

"Thanks," said Marjorie, bashfully, "I was looking for my—my—"

"Husband?"

"My dog"

"How is he this morning?"

"My dog?"

"Your husband"

"Oh, he's as well as could be expected."

"Where did you get that love of a waist?" Mrs. Wellington laughed.

"Mrs Temple lent it to me Isn't it sweet?"

"Exquisite! The latest Ypsilanti mode"

Marjorie, suffering almost more acutely from being badly frocked than from being duped in her matrimonial hopes, threw herself on Mrs. Wellington's mercy.

"I'm so unhappy in this. Couldn't you lend me or sell me something a little smarter?"

"I'd love to, my dear," said Mrs. Wellington, "but I left home on short notice myself. I shall need all my divorce trousseau in Reno. Otherwise—I—but here's your husband. You two ought to have some place to spoon. I'll leave you this whole room"

And she swept out, nodding to Mallory, who had divined Marjorie's presence, and felt the need of being near her, though he also felt the need of finishing the story of the great ball game Husbandlike, he felt that he was conferring sufficient courtesy in throwing a casual smile across the top of the paper.

Marjorie studied his motley garb, and her own, and groaned:

"We're a sweet looking pair, aren't we?'

"Mr. and Miss Fit," said Mallory, from behind the paper.

'Oh, Harry, has your love grown cold?' she pleaded.

"Marjorie, how can you think such a thing" still from behind the paper

"Well, Mrs Wellington said we ought to have some place to spoon, and she went away and left us, and—there you stand—and—"

This pierced even the baseball news, and he threw his arms around her with glow of devotion

She snuggled closer, and cooed: "Aren't we having a nice long engagement? We've traveled a million miles, and the preacher isn't in sight yet What have you been reading—wedding announcements?"

"No—I was reading about the most wonderful exhibition Mattie was in the box—and in perfect form"

"Mattie?' Marjorie gasped uneasily.

"Mattie!" he raved, "and in perfect form"

And now the hidden serpent of jealousy, which promised to enliven their future, lifted its head for the first time, and Mallory caught his first glimpse of an unsuspected member of their household.—Marjorie demanded with an ominous chill:

"And who's Mattie?. Some former sweetheart of yours?"

"My dear," laughed Mallory.

But Marjorie was up and away, with apt temper: "So Mattie was in the box, was she? What is it to you, where she sits? You dare to read about her and rave over her perfect form, while you neglect your wife—or your—oh, what am I, anyway?"

Mallory stared at her in amazement. He was beginning to learn what ignorant heathen women are concerning so many of the gods and demi gods of mankind. Then, with a tenderness he might not always show, he threw the paper down and took her in his arms: "You poor child. Mattie is a man—a pitcher—and you're the only woman I ever loved—and you are liable to be my wife any minute."

The explanation was sufficient, and she crawled into the shelter of his arm with little noises that served for apology, forgiveness and reconciliation. Then he made the mistake of mentioning the sickening topic of deferred hope:

"A minister's sure to get on at the next stop—or the next."

Marjorie's nerves were frayed by too much enduring, and it took only a word to set them jangling: "If you say minister to me again, I'll scream." Then she tried to control herself with a polite: "Where is the next stop?"

"Ogden."

"Where's that? On the map?"

"Well, it's in Utah."

"Utah!" she groaned. "They marry by wholesale there, and we can't even get a sample."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Train Wrecker.

The train-butcher, entering the Observation Room, found only a loving couple. He took in at a glance their desire for solitude. A large part of his business was the forcing of wares on people who did not want them.

His voice and his method suggested the mosquito. Seeing Mallory and Marjorie mutually absorbed in reading each other's eyes, and evidently in need of nothing on earth less than something else to read, the train-butcher decided that his best plan of attack was to make himself a nuisance. It is a plan successfully adopted by organ grinders, street pianists and other blackmailers under the guise of art, who have nothing so welcome to sell as their absence.

Mallory and Marjorie heard the train-boy's horn, but they tried to ignore it.

"Papers, gents and ladies? Yes? No? Paris fashions, lady?"

He shoved a large periodical between their very noses, but Marjorie threw it on the floor, with a bitter glance at her own borrowed plumage:

"Don't show me any Paris fashions!" Then she gave the boy his congé by resuming her chat with Mallory: "How long do we stop at Ogden?"

The train-boy went right on auctioning his papers and magazines, and poking them into the laps of his prey. And they went right on talking to one another and pushing his papers and magazines to the floor.

"I think I'd better get off at Ogden, and take the next train back. That's just what I'll do. Nothing, thank you!" this last to the train-boy.

"But you can't leave me like this," Mallory urged excitedly, with a side glance of "No, no!" to the train-boy.

"I can, and I must, and I will," Marjorie insisted. "I'll go pack my things now."

"But, Marjorie, listen to me."

"Will you let me alone!" This to the gaddy, but to Mallory a dejected wail: "I—I just remembered. I haven't anything to pack"

"And you'll have to give back that waist to Mrs. Temple. You can't get off at Ogden without a waist."

"I'll go anyway. I want to get home."

"Marjorie, if you talk that way—I'll throw you off the train!"

She gasped. He explained: "I wasn't talking to you; I was trying to stop this phonograph." Then he rose, and laid violent hands on the annoyer, shoved him to the corridor, seized his bundle of papers from his arm, and hurled them at his head. They fell in a shower about the train-butcher, who could only feel a certain respect for the one man who had ever treated him as he knew he deserved. He bent to pick up his scattered merchandise, and when he had gathered his stock together, put his head in, and sang out a sincere:

"Excuse me"

But Mallory did not hear him, he was excitedly trying to calm the excited girl, who, having eloped with him, was preparing now to elope back without him

"Darling, you can't desert me now," he pleaded, "and leave me to go on alone?"

'Well, why don't you do something?" she retorted, in equal desperation "If I were a man, and I had the girl I loved on a train I'd get her married if I had to wreck the—" she caught her breath, paused a second in intense thought, and then, with sudden radiance, cried, "Harry, dear!"

"Yes, love!"

"I have an idea—an inspiration!"

"Yes, pet," rather dubiously from him, but with absolute exultation from her' "Let's wreck the train!"

"I don't follow you, sweetheart."

"Don't you see?" she began excitedly. "When there are train wrecks a lot of people get killed, and things. A minister always turns up to administer the last something or other—well—"

"Well?"

"Well, stupid, don't you see? We wreck a train, a minister comes, we nab him, he marries us, and—there we are! Everything's lovely!"

He gave her one of those looks with which a man usually greets what a woman calls an inspiration He did not—honor her—invention with analysis. He simply put forward an objection to it, and, man-like, chose the most hateful of all objections:

"It's a lovely idea, but the wreck would delay us for hours and hours, and I'd miss my transport—"

"Harry Mallory, if you mention that odious transport to me again, I know I'll have hydrophobia. I'm going home."

"But, darling," he pleaded, "you can't desert me now, and leave me to go on alone?" She had her answer glib:

"If you really loved me, you'd—"

"Oh, I know," he cut in. "You've said that before But I'd be court-martialed. I'd lose my career."

"What's a career to a man who truly loves?"

'It's just as much as it is to anybody else—and more."

She could hardly controvert this gracefully, so she sank back with grim resignation "Well, I've proposed my plan, and you don't like it. Now, suppose you propose something'

The silence was oppressive. They sat like stoughton bottles. There the conductor found them some time later." He gave them a careless look, selected a chair at the end of the car, and began to sort his tickets, spreading them out on another chair, making notes with the pencil he took from atop his ear, and shoved back from time to time.

Ages seemed to pass, and Mallory had not even a suggestion. By this time Marjorie's temper had evaporated, and when he said: "If we could only stop at some town for half an hour," she said: "Maybe the conductor would hold the train for us."

"I hardly think he would."

"He looks like an awfully nice man. You ask him."

"Oh, what's the use!"

Marjorie was getting tired of depending on this charming young man with the very bad luck. She decided to assume command herself. She took recourse naturally to the original feminine methods: "I'll take care of him," she said, with resolution. 'A woman can get a man to do almost anything if she flirts a little with him."

"Marjorie!"

"Now, don't you mind anything I do. Remember, it's all for love of you—even if I have to kiss him."

"Marjorie, I won't permit—

"You have no right to boss me—yet. You subside" She gave him the merest touch, but he fell backward into a chair, utterly aghast at the shameless siren into which desperation had altered the timid little thing he thought he had chosen to love. He was being rapidly initiated into the complex and versatile and fearfully wonderful thing a woman really is, and he was saying to himself, "What have I married?" forgetting, for the moment, that he had not married her yet, and that therein lay the whole trouble.

(Coninued next week)

Concluded He Had Been Bribed.

Kellogg Durland, the author of "Royal Romances of Today," after spending a morning with the children of King Alfonso of Spain and finding them bright, normal, healthy youngsters, was surprised to be engaged by people in his hotel in conversation like the following: "What a pity that the princes are not right in their faculties." "But they are perfectly right." I replied, indulgently; "those stories are pure nonsense." "Oh, no, sir! You must be mistaken." "How can I be mistaken?" I answered "I have just spent a morning with them and I found them not only normal in every way, but particularly intelligent." "That cannot be," was the reply, "because it is said they are defective" The writer grew indignant and broke off the controversy, but learned that after he left people had speculated on how much he had been paid by the king to say that the princes were all right.

What He Took.

Hilary K Adair, the western detective, was praising at a banquet in Dubuque the generous warmth accorded by John D Rockefeller to sheriffs, bailiffs and other myrmidons of the law.

"They don't get treated at John D.'s," said Mr. Adair, "as old Cluss once treated me

"Cluss runs, you know, a saloon. I was waiting in his place one cold December night to nab a bigamist, when Cluss came out from an inner room wrapped in a heavy ulster.

"'Why, hello, Adair!' he said, shaking me warmly by the hand 'I'm glad to see you What'll you take?'

"'Well,' said I, 'I don't know—I'm not particular—'

"Cluss, who had been watching me anxiously, now butted in with the words:

"'Good! Slip on your overcoat, then, and we'll take a walk, I was starting out.'"—Exchange.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK'S INSURANCE OFFICE
Burdick's Music Store
Successors to
C. A. BURDICK,
Fire, Tornado, Automobile, Liability, Life and accident insurance
Companies and service the best.
Complete Line of Pianos and Musical Instruments and Sheet Music
See the FREE sewing machine
Call, Phone or Write.
SIDNEY A. BURDICK, Manager.

Do Not Forget
STRONG
when you need those new
MANTLES AND GLOBES
after housecleaning.
I carry everything in that line at all prices.
E. W. STRONG

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs C B Corwin is visiting friends in Bradford and Mt. Jewett.

Dr. Burg Chadwick was in Clermont on business on Tuesday

Mrs A B Armstrong is the guest of relatives in Pittsburgh this week.

Miss Mayme O'Connell of Coudersport was visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. Enos Carr of Hazelhurst was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

H W Rubin returned home Monday from a visit to his daughter in Kenovo.

Mrs Peter Connolly and daughter, Miss Mate, were Bradford visitors on Saturday

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison is visiting friends in Wealeyville, Pa., this week.

Mrs Samuel Green was the guest of her daughter, Mrs W P Mitchell, in Olean, over Sunday.

Guy B Mayo left on Monday for Harrisburg to be present at the Republican State convention

A. N Hurd of Bradford, humane officer for this county, was a pleasant caller at this office this morning

F B Grantier of Crosby was a business visitor in town on Tuesday and was a pleasant caller at this office

Orlo J Hamlin who has been in New York for the past few weeks on business, returned home yesterday

Gustine Cable, editor of the Bradford Sunday Herald, was a visitor in town on Monday and was a brief caller at this office.

Mrs W B Hopper and Miss Mary Steinhauer were in Clermont to attend the funeral of the late Mrs J W Steinhauer, on Tuesday.

H H Redfield and Col Melville Gillett left Tuesday morning for Harrisburg where they are attending the Republican State convention

Messrs. Earl and John Walker left Monday for Ischua, N Y., where they expect to secure positions with the Pennsylvania railroad company

Paul D Hamlin of Chicago, who has been spending the winter in the South, is here for a short visit with his mother Mrs Eugenia Hamlin and other relatives and friends

Col and Mrs Melville Gillett and two children Redfield and Portia who have been in Washington, D C., for the past four months, returned to their home here last Thursday

Harry Backus of Syracuse N Y., sales agent for the Babcock Printing Press Manufacturing Co was a business visitor in town on Tuesday and was a pleasant caller at this office

John Stoneburg of Jamestown, N Y who has been visiting friends in this vicinity for the past week left on Tuesday for his home Mr Stoneburg was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday

FARMERS VALLEY.

D C Young A B Armstrong and the Stratton brothers and others, are about to test the fertility of the soils on their farms by the application of lime. It is being shipped in by the car load and distributed to the different farms

The gas well being put down on the Hewitt farm is progressing rapidly.

J F Smith has let his farm for truck raising A large quantity of onions have already been put in and seeds sown Stump clearing and otherwise cleaning up is still going on

D W Derby had the misfortune to lose a very valuable cow Saturday

School closed here Friday The teacher, Miss Isabelle Boylston, left for her home in Bradford on that day.

The new minister of the U B church, Rev A. Luther, who is filling the appointment of Rev Parrett in this place and Coryville, has succeeded in getting a good class in music, which will assist him financially

LOWER KING RUN.

L S McDonald was up from Portville Wednesday of last week

J Campbell was a caller at the home of Sherman Crocker last week

Mr and Mrs Burdette Voorhees and John Crocker spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs Sherman Crocker.

Mrs C C Hamilton called on Mrs. B T Trugan Tuesday last

Martha Ostrander has returned to her home in Wayland, N Y, after spending a few days with her parents, Mr and Mrs E D Ostrander.

A number of relatives and friends gathered at the home of Mr and Mrs. Joel Price, when Mrs Price was tendered a birthday surprise Ice cream and cake and other refreshments were served and the evening was pleasantly spent playing cards and other games

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W JONES

Subscribe for The Miner.

Advertise in The Miner.

FLED FROM CHINESE REVOLT

Two Missionaries Arrive in California but Have Little to Tell About the Fighting.

The first missionaries to come out from war-stricken China arrived in San Francisco the other day on the steamship Siberia from Hankow. They are Rev. James Webster, an English minister, who for seven years has been conducting a mission at Hunan, in the vice-royalty of Wu Chang, where the Chinese rebellion had its inception, and Rev A. W Martin, who for three years has had a mission at Nanking.

Their reports of the rebellion are rather meager, as both were gathered with all other foreigners into the consulates as soon as the war broke and were kept under excellent protection until the time of their departure.

Mr Webster, who went to Hankow immediately following news of the uprising, with all other foreigners, left that city two days before it was captured, burned and sacked by the imperial forces During his stay there the city was under the control of the insurgents, and he says those who had lived in Hankow for years declared that the municipality was governed better by the rebels than it had ever been before

Mr Webster sent his family back to his old home at Nottingham, England, last February, and now is on furlough and on his way to join them during the holidays.

Mr Martin is returning to his home in Iowa with his wife and children. All four of the children were born in China and now are receiving their first view of America.

He and his family, with all other foreigners, were hurried into the American consulate on November 8 as a result of the fighting near Nanking, and on November 9 all the women and children were rushed out of that city by rail to Shanghai The city's gates were closed, and at the request of the American consul, Gracey, a detail of 104 marines was sent ashore from the gunboat New Orleans to insure protection to the Americans.—San Francisco Chronicle

Where She Would Be Taught.

Women, writes Mariah Harland, should emulate the sagacity of their spouses in selecting wisely the foodstuffs and whatever else goes to making up the comfort and comeliness of the home Expenses should be regulated by the sum their husbands can afford to hand to them for the defrayment of domestic expenses But who is to instruct the raw girl just out of school in the principles and details of applied household economics? The almost universal fashion of sending the daughter to boarding school at the age of 12 or 14 and from boarding school to college for four years more, vacations being passed at watering places, the seaside, or abroad, effectually precludes the possibility of learning housewifery from her mother Admirable as may be—and in many cases are —the department of domestic science established in our leading institutions of learning for girls one year of apprenticeship in the kitchen of a home where economy is a present and practical consideration would make a better business partner for the prospective husband than a four years' course in the model offices and demonstration halls of the best equipped college in the country.

The Englishman.

An English actor was traveling with an American company and won his way into the heart of every member by his kindly courtesy and quiet consideration One of the ladies, wishing to find out if a sense of humor was also one of his qualities, propounded to him the following conundrum:

"Which dies the harder, a sculptor or a barber?"

The Englishman gave it up, and she replied:

"A sculptor, because the barber curls up and dies, but the sculptor makes faces and busts"

The Englishman laughed, not boisterously, but that she attributed to his well bred reserve, and decided in his favor Later in the evening he came to her and said.

"Miss F, would you mind if I told you something"

"No" she answered

"I wouldn't hurt your feelings," he went on in his delicate way, "you American ladies are so charming; but you do make some peculiar grammatical errors. That conundrum, now. You know, it isn't busts, it's bursts."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending April 27, 1912.

Bucklin, Geo. L
Budd Mr. O. J.
Bundy, Mr. J E
Driscoll, Edw
Dutcher, W B
Gregori, Mirr Jakob (foreign)
McMullen & McMullen
Tait, Edgar W.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised" All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Esther A Parker, deceased Letters of Administration on the estate of Esther A Parker, late of Keating Township McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to O T Chase, C. T. A., residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay

O T CHASE, C. T. A.
East Smethport Pa., April 25, 1912 6t.

ISLANDS OF THE CLOVE

MOST OF THE WORLD'S CROP COMES FROM ZANZIBAR.

Yield Varies Greatly, but Another and Steady Product of the Sultanate is Copra, Finding Ready Market in France.

The Sultanate of Zanzibar, just off the coast of central Africa, comprises four islands—Zanzibar, Pemba, Mafia and Lamu. This sultanate produces perhaps nine-tenths of the cloves of the world The climate and soil of the two islands of Zanzibar and Pemba seem peculiarly adapted to the growing of this important article Many of the trees are 90 years old, although most of the clove plantations on Zanzibar island date from 1872, when a terrific cyclone swept over it, doing fearful damage to the trees

Clove trees begin to bud about January or February, and the picking is done any time after July, continuing for about four months, as the trees ripen irregularly When the cloves have been picked they are exposed on mats to the sun for six or seven days and are then sent to the custom house where the government extracts an export duty of 25 per cent.

The crop is a very uncertain one, a heavy yield one year, and comparatively nothing the next. The bulk of the cloves are bought by American, German and Indian firms, and are sent to Bombay, Hamburg, London and New York Most of the cloves are used in distilling oil of cloves, which in turn is employed in the manufacture of drugs, perfumes, confectioneries, etc

Another great product of Zanzibar is copra, which is the dried interior of the cocoanut The cocoanut tree grow throughout the sultanate without cultivation; land is sold by the number of cocoanut trees on it A tree will yield from 100 to 120 nuts a year; the crop is gathered about every four months The nuts are split open and dried in the sun for several days, when the product is ready for shipment France consumes most of the copra, which is used in the manufacture of soap, oil cakes, etc

Approached from the ocean the city of Zanzibar presents a beautiful picture, the snow white Arab houses are set against a background of soft tropical green, lying close to the shore are the hundreds of native dhows with their quaint sails while farther out, in the deep waters are the foreign ships. A prominent building on the waterfront is the palace of the sultan, which suggests a hotel at one of the Atlantic watering places, with its wide verandas and square lantern Back of the palace are the remains of the old fort erected by the Portuguese, and here and there are to be seen the flags of the consulates of the various powers conspicuous among them being the stars and stripes

Ali bin Hamoud the present sultan of Zanzibar, is a young man He succeeded his father in 1902, when but 17 years old, and until his majority the sultanate was under a regent The sultan was educated in England, and speaks English fluently, as well as French, Arabic and Swahili He is a great traveler and spends much of his time in Europe, he has a town palace, and several country places, to some one of which he usually retires during the hot season The sultanate is a British protectorate under the foreign office

Principle and Interest.

A Moral Principle met a Material Interest on a bridge wide enough for but one

"Down, you base thing!" thundered the Moral Principle, "and let me pass over you!"

The Material Interest merely looked in the other's eyes without saying anything

"Ah," said the Moral Principle, hesitatingly, "let us draw lots to see which one of us shall retire till the other has crossed"

The Material Interest maintained an unbroken silence and an unwavering stare

"In order to avoid a conflict," the Moral Principle resumed, somewhat uneasily, "I shall myself lie down and let you walk over me."

Then the Material Interest found his tongue "I don't think you are very good walking," he said. "I am a little particular about what I have underfoot Suppose you get off into the water"

It occurred that way.—Ambrose Bierce

Something Different.

A man could get so tired of turkey that he would welcome a dinner of corned beef, and it would be just the same with any food

Here were two fruit venders, met by chance, with their pushcarts hauled up close together alongside the curb, one selling nothing but grapes and the other nothing but apples, and here was the apple vender appreciatively eating a bunch of grapes and the grape vender with equal enjoyment eating an apple.

Each had on his cart an abundant supply of fine food, but it was always the same, and like everybody else, they craved something different.—New York Sun.

Couldn't Live It Down.

"Bigsby seems to wear a look of settled gloom".

"Yes, poor fellow, he can't help it. When he was a boy his mother made him wear Fauntleroy curls."

DENTISTRY NOT NEW.

SAMPLES OF ANCIENT WORK IN MUSEUMS.

Most Interesting Because the Oldest is Specimen of Bridge-Work Which Was Found in a Phoenician Tomb at Sidon.

Dentistry, though considered peculiarly modern, has been found highly developed in the past. Actual specimens of ancient dentistry may be seen in various European museums. The most interesting of these specimens, because the oldest, is a Phoenician example of bridge-work found in a tomb at Sidon. The specimen is now in the Louvre at Paris, and consists of a part of the upper jaw of a woman with the teeth united by gold wire Two of them are transplanted teeth fastened in by gold wire. In the museum of Corneto (which was the ancient Tarquinii, the capital of the Etruscan federation) may be seen a number of marvelous specimens of dental work of the sixth and seventh centuries before Christ. They consist mainly of bridge-work done by riveted bands of metal One of them supported three artificial teeth, two of these artificial teeth being made out of a single ox tooth grooved to imitate rather closely two human teeth. In the laws of the Twelve Tables, written in Rome 450 B C, while it is expressly forbidden to bury gold ornaments with bodies, a special exception is made for gold with which the teeth may perchance be bound together The museum of Pope Julius at Rome contains a gold cap made of two small plates of gold stamped out to represent rather closely a middle lower incisor and these two pieces soldered together to form the crown of a tooth.

The satiric poets of Rome, especially Martial, referred frequently to artificial teeth. Martial speaks of an old woman who was so scared that as she ran away her teeth fell out. In one epigram he answers the question why one woman's teeth are dark, while another's are white, though both are of the same age, by saying that one of them buys her teeth, while the other has her own. The Romans had a number of different kinds of dentifrices, and took great care of their teeth Galen describes a form of pastile containing aromatics and opium that might be used as a toothache gum The filling of teeth with various kinds of metal is described by Celsus though the first sure reference to gold filling does not occur until about the middle of the fifteenth century The transplantation of teeth, especially from the mouths of slaves into those of their mistresses, seems to have been practiced rather commonly in the early days of the Roman empire.—Journal of the American Medical Association

Their Days of Struggle.

Sara Allgood, a versatile member of the Irish Players, has always dreamed of being a singer, and may go into musical comedy. Speaking of the Players, in New York, she said: The enthusiasm of us all when this company was first organized was really wonderful. It wasn't for money we worked then, I can tell you It was not, indeed Because we got between 5 and 15 shillings a week, and that only if we were lucky. Often we would get nothing at all When I was raised to 15 shillings a week I thought I owned the world At night after the play we'd chip in for a little feast, and the boys would run out and get it—one for tea another for sugar, another for bread, and so on. Many's the time I've dressed myself for my parts in clothes I made from my mother's old dresses. And Kerrigan used to borrow things from his house to use as stage properties, once a poker, another time a blanket. We had nothing of our own and no money to get anything with Why, even yet I wear the old cape in 'Hyacinth Valley' that I stole from my aunt in those days I've never paid her for it, but I've promised to give her five shillings when I go back to Ireland now."

Sermons and Impressions.

In listening to a sermon or other address, there is this to be said: The next day, or perhaps the next hour, one cannot accurately report a single thing that is said." One may give an impression, in a very imperfect way that the whole discourse has made upon him, but as to any definite instruction, that is almost universally lacking.

A man will say: "That was a fine sermon," but to quote a line from it accurately is quite impossible. That has been our experience. We will feel the glow of an idea, maybe, but just what that idea is we cannot say Perhaps it is not necessary. Perhaps it is well enough to feel only the influence of what was said.

Still, one should learn something definite from every sermon he hears. There is never a sermon that has not something in it worth remembering. One need not agree with it altogether, but if it is a sentence of a thought that has a beauty, a harmony, an appeal in it, it is worth calling to mind next day.—Ohio State Journal.

Named After Literary Men.

The death of Alfred Tennyson Dickens recalls the great novelists' penchant for naming his children after distinguished literary men and particularly after his contemporaries.

His eldest son, born in 1837, he christened after himself, Charles Culliford Boz, his first daughter he named simply Mary; the second daughter, Kate Macready; the second son, born in 1841, Walter Landor; the third, born in 1844, Francis Jeffrey; the fourth, Alfred Tennyson, the fifth, Sydney Smith, the sixth, Henry Fielding, and the seventh, Edward Bulwer Lytton. Of these only Henry Fielding, who, like his namesake follows the law, now survives. One wonders somewhat why he passed over his great friend, John Forster, and his greatest contemporary, Thackeray.

Surgeon's Idea.

"Modern surgery has made great advances."

"But you can't make a crooked man straight"

"Oh, I don't know."

"What do you mean?"

"You can take away so much of his money that he will have to keep straight"

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

Petitions and Applications for license for bottle going houses wholesale and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods and bottlers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa on Monday, May 13, A D 1912

HOTEL LICENSES

Bradford City—First Ward

P F Connelly, Connelly Hotel, No 18 Mechanic street, residence same

A W Fyfe Hoist, United States Hotel, Nos 19 21 Mechanic street, residence same

James W Leisure, St James Hotel, Nos 2 4 6 and 8 South avenue, residence No 80 Boylston street

S F Cooney Capitol Hotel, Nos 46 and 48 Main street residence same

Frank P Holley Hotel Holley, at northwest corner of Main and Davis streets, residence same

P F Hurley Bay State Hotel Nos 84 and 86 Main street residence same

John P Ronan Union House Nos 142 to 150 Main street residence same

B F McBride Option House No 41 Main street, residence same

M P McCarthy Willard Hotel, Nos 114 and 120 Main street residence same

John Becker, Industry Hotel Nos 17 and 19 Davis street, residence same

Patrick Mulqueen Mansion House Nos 5 and 7 Mechanic street residence same

Charles O. Cash, Hotel Weaver, Nos 87 and 89 Main street, residence No 165 Davis street

A C Stengel, Corry House, Nos. 18 20 Webster street, residence same

John McCaffrey, Oil City House, Nos 122-124 Main street, residence same

Fred Holbringer, Black Bear Hotel, Nos. 14 and 16 Pine street, residence same

Bradford City—Third Ward.

Jacob Brendel Aiken House, Nos 15 and 17 W Washington street, residence same

J T O Donnell, City Hotel, No 45 Mechanic street, residence No 156 Pleasant street

Bradford City—Fifth Ward

Frank G. Kieff, The American House, No 444 East Main street, residence same

Bradford City—Sixth Ward

E A Hathaway, Rochester Hotel, Nos 211 213 Main street, residence same

Eldred Borough.

C. C. Lewis, St. Elmo Hotel, S. W. corner of Main and Depot streets, residence Eldred Borough

Fred Stickman Central Hotel, at the east side of Main street, between High and King streets residence Eldred Borough

Thomas J Slavin Gold Eagle Hotel at the northeast corner of Depot and Railroad streets residence Eldred Borough

Foster Township.

E S Harvey New City Hotel, corner of Bradford and Smethport Road and Plank Road Highway, residence New City

Hamlin Township.

Fred John Block, Eckhart House, south side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa residence Hazelhurst

Emerson Eddy, Hotel Hazel, corner Main street and Cleveland avenue, north side of Main street Hazelhurst, residence Hazelhurst

Kane Borough—First Ward.

Stephen Barrett Jr Windsor Hotel Nos 17 19 and 21 Fraley street, residence Kane borough

Dawson P Crowe, Kane House, Nos 153, 155 and 157 Fraley street, residence Kane borough

Joseph Bastian, New Arlington Hotel No 15 Fraley street, residence Kane borough

P W Durkin, Beasley Hotel, No 19 Fraley street residence Kane borough.

N A Nelson Hotel LaMont Nos 27, 29 31, 33 and 35 Fraley street residence Kane borough

Peter F Young, New Fleming Hotel Nos 93 97 Fraley street, residence Kane borough

W W Swalley and Martin B. Groat Griffin Hotel Nos 73 and 77 Fraley street residence Kane borough

Kane Borough—Second Ward

Lawrence C Bissell New Centennial Hotel Nos 80 82 and 84 Fraley street residence Kane borough.

John O'Malley Alpha, No 22 Field street, residence Kane borough

Kane Borough—Third Ward.

John Fleming New Thompson House Nos 6, 8, 10 12 14 and 16 Fraley street residence Kane borough

Kane Borough—Fourth Ward.

C F Hearst St Elmo Hotel, Nos 162 164, 166 and 168 Fraley street, residence Kane borough

Lafayette Township

William Doyle Mountain House, Marshburg north side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford, residence Marshburg

James Mahoney, Butts House, Mount Alton, cor of road leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville and road to Ridgeville, residence Mt Alton

Lewis Run Borough

Peter V Flavin, The Bradford House north side of Main street, residence Lewis Run

Mount Jewett Borough.

Francis L. Campbell, Campbell House on south side of Main street, being Lot No 20 east on Main street, residence Mount Jewett

H C Cleveland Brewer House, south side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett

E W Long The Commercial Hotel south side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett

Otto Township

Frank A Potts Duke House, Duke Center north east corner of Main and Bradford streets residence Duke Center

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M Butler Butler House, corner of Main and Mill streets residence Port Allegany

M P Reilley Sartwell House corner of Railroad avenue N side of Mill street residence Port Allegany

Elmer Cutler, Connolly House, Nos 5 and 7 Pearl street, residence Port Allegany.

Samuel St Clair, New St Clair House west side of Pearl street near Railroad depot, residence Port Allegany

Mary Ellen Connolly, City Hotel W side of Pearl street, residence Port Allegany.

Sergeant Township.

John L Smith Bayer House, on the right side of Lewis E R leading from Smethport to Clermont, Clermont, residence Clermont

Frederick J Sykes Clermont House, north corner of Pine street and Main High way residence Clermont

Smethport Borough.

John O Briggs and Frank L Sherburne, Wright House corner of Main and Mechanic streets residence Smethport borough

M S Gerse Hotel Imperial, corner of Main & Fulton streets No 101 Main street residence Smethport borough

James McGuire, Grand Central Hotel, south side of West Main street, residence Smethport borough

Fred I McCrary Cottage House corner of Water and Fulton streets, residence Smethport borough

Thomas H Purtle Commercial Hotel, corner of Main & Franklin streets, residence Smethport borough

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LICENSES WITH OR WITHOUT OTHER GOODS

Bradford City—First Ward

Charles H Brown, No 178 Main street, residence No 193 Congress street

A M Mayer and M Rolland, doing business as A Mayer & Company, No 130 Main street, residence Bradford city.

Lewis Brown, No 3 Mechanic street, residence Bradford city

Saul Werthman, No 98 Main street, residence No. 42 Boylston street

Kane Borough—First Ward

John Dolan, No 81 Fraley street, residence Kane borough

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

George W Berry, No 138 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

John E Healey, No 72 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Lewis Run Borough

John H Douglas, Lewis Run at the northeast intersection of Main street and the Lafayette Road, residence No 150 Davis street, Bradford city

Mt Jewett Borough

Charles Lunden, north side of Main street, residence Mt Jewett

Port Allegany Borough.

John L Bayer, west side of Pearl street, residence Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough.

Fred H Hungiville, south side of Main street in Square No 82, residence Smethport

LICENSE TO BOTTLE AND VEND MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

James W Bedeaux Independent Bottling Works, No. 98 Mechanic street, residence Bradford City

Eldred Borough

E R Tanner, north side of Elm street, residence Eldred borough

Hamlin Township.

W. L Studley, Hazelhurst, east side of Randall street, Lot No. 10, residence Hazelhurst

LICENSE TO BREW, MANUFACTURE, VEND AND SELL MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, Wm. Hanley, President, Robert Bauer, Treasurer, Nos. 18-26 Fourth street, its present address is Bradford, Pa

All licenses must be lifted the day preceding the commencement of the term of said license or the same will be void

FRANK R. FOSTER,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., April 22, 1912.

Automobile Bargains

We have the largest stock of Used and Second-hand Automobiles in Western New York

Oa ds, Oldsmobiles, Cadillacs, Reos, Hudsons, Fords, St rd-Daytons, Regals, Maxwells, Buicks, Peerless, Overlands and Many Others

TOURING CARS
FOUR, FIVE AND SEVEN-PASSENGER.

RUNABOUTS
TWO AND THREE-PASSENGER.

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1,000 LBS. UP

ALL MAKES — ALL MODELS
T oughly overhauled, refinished and ready to demonstrate

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